

# The Airplane Ride Home

Schaka

# Chapter 1

Our flight home was delayed because of the thunderstorm that clattered and shook the small terminal. I glanced around at the few people waiting for this last flight out. They were a bedraggled group tossed together by the vicissitudes of Mother Nature. Some tried to sleep, twisting and turning uncomfortably in the "*airport chic*" chairs. Others made idle chit chat with their fellow castaways on this modern desert island. Behind the check in counter a buxom blond did desultory things to kill time until this last flight of the night ended her shift.

My name is Sam Albertson. I am traveling home after attending my grandmother's funeral. My mom, Jamie, and dad, John, had dragged me along. Even though I never met my grandmother they felt family needed to be there. At 18 I thought it was very unfair to drag me across country to a funeral for a woman I knew little about.

The service was interminable. It seemed everyone in town wanted say a remembrance. Near the front of the church was a large stained glass window. Some saint or other was depicted with his hands raised in benediction. Or maybe he was expressing horror at the banalities of life that he had to witness.

Mom and dad were getting drunk in the small terminal bar. Mom was 45 and dad was 47. Mom was a full figured woman and fairly tall at 5' 9", about 200 lbs. I had sneaked a peek in her lingerie drawer and knew she was a 38D cup. When I entered puberty she had move from this pleasantly plump authority figure to a voluptuous sex symbol. That big tit, big booty woman was the imagine I held in my mind when whacked off nightly.

Dad was a short stout guy at about 5' 8", 220 or so. He was a successful business owner and a good provider for his family. We lived a comfortable if not extravagant existence. I loved/resented him.

I loved him because he was a stern but loving symbol of stability. He provided an effective image of manhood for me to emulate.

I resented him because each night he crawled in bed with the object of my teenage lust. I resent hearing the faint moans and squeals he drew from her with their sex play.

Neither of them knew that on their noisier nights I would press my sweating brow against the common wall of our bedrooms. I would listen to the whispered endearments. I would hear the staccato slapping of flesh on flesh. I would stroke my tumescent member frantically, matching their rhythm. As their tempo built to the inevitable climax, so did mine. As dad spurted his seed into mom, I spurted mine into a pair of her soiled panties I had filched from the hamper.

Now they sat pounding down drink after drink. Their heads were close together, Dad would whisper something in mom's ear. She would titter like a school girl who had a lewd

suggestion made to her. The type of suggestion that at one time excited and frightened her.

Mom's button up the front flowered summer dress fell between her legs as she sat wide legged at the bar. Dad's hand was on her thigh. I had seen them like this before, drunk and touchy feely. At home it meant that I should take up position at my voyeur post. Here it was just fucking embarrassing.

Some of our fellow castaways noticed also. Some smiled knowingly. Others frowned at the public display of sexual sentiment.

Once I had crept into the hall during their lovemaking. I had planned on peeking into the bedroom. Just listening was no longer enough. I eased my door open. The hall was dimly lit by the house exterior lights.

I was stunned to see mom walk out of the bedroom stark naked. Her pendulous breast swayed invitingly as she crossed the hall to the bathroom. My dick sprang rigidly to attention.

She was holding a towel between her legs. She walked wide legged, unaware that her son was watching this erotic display of sex's aftermath.

I was confused at first. Then I realized she was holding dad's cum in her pussy. She made her way wide legged into the bathroom. It sat in a small alcove across from their room.

I could barely breathe. I slipped quietly down the hall. Stealthily I peered into the bathroom.

Mom had her back to me. One leg was on the closed lid of the toilet. She balanced herself with a hand against the wall. She had a wet towel. She was washing her pussy, cleaning out the remnants of tonight's sex. She swayed slightly as she performed this post sex ablution. She dropped both towels into the hamper.

I held my aching cock in my hand. I watched as she used both hands to smooth her pussy hair. It was short but well-trimmed. Then she ran her finger in her pussy, pulled it out and licked it.

I groaned as I spontaneously came, spilling my youthful seed on the hallway floor. Gasping, I leaned against the wall to support myself.

Mom's head cocked slightly. Had she heard me? I scurried down the hall to my room. I barely made it back before I heard her padding barefoot across the hall. I listened as the door closed followed by the squeak of the bed as she returned to the side of my father. Then silence.

I lay in bed sweating profusely. My dick was still granite hard. My heart was in my mouth. The metallic taste of adrenaline filled my mouth. The thrill of seeing her, the nearness of almost being caught was almost more than I could stand. My heart pounded wildly.

But I knew there was one more trip I had to make. On catlike feet I tip toed down the hall. I turned quickly into the bathroom and closed the door. The hamper would hold my prize.

I opened the hamper. There they were on top. The cum soaked towel she had held between her legs and the wet towel she had washed with. The wet towel barely held the scent I wanted it. But the dry towel took me to nirvana.

It was still damp with mom's and dad's sex juice. I took it to my nose and inhaled deeply. The pungent aroma of mom's pussy and dad's seed filled my nasal passages. I was a little light headed. With one hand I balanced myself on the wall. There was a pain in my dick from being so hard so long. It slapped gently against my belly.

Impulsively I stuffed the wet crusty part of the towel in my mouth. I sucked hard on their mixed juices. The sweet nectar assaulted my senses. The room spun as I greedily sucked on my prize.

In my other hand was the wet towel. I began to stroke my steel like member using the wet towel. I sucked hungrily on the towel in my mouth. All too soon I felt the tingle in my ass that moved up into my balls. My orgasm took me to my knees. I was drained, exhausted and covered in a heavy film of sweat.

Weakly I braced myself against the toilet and struggled to my feet. I chewed hard on the towel in my mouth, extracting the last vestiges of honey. Reluctantly I removed the towel from my mouth. I returned my prizes to the hamper.

Many nights I had whacked off to the sounds of their lovemaking. I had grown skilled at finding mom's panties from those nights. Sometimes dad fucked her without her taking them off. I would inhale deeply, reveling in the smell of wet pussy and semen. Then I would add my sperm to the load dad had left. But this had been the best ever!

I didn't know it then but years later I would read an article that said sons always lust for their mothers. Most men spend their

lives looking for a woman who remind them of mom so they can fuck her. The article went on to say the king in Oedipus Rex didn't really make a mistake when he took his mother for his queen. He was fulfilling the subconscious need to outdo his father and possess his mom.

I don't know about all that shit. I knew I had to fuck my mother.

From my vantage point, I could see dad run his hand under mom's dress. She giggled and made him stop. My dick hurt from being constrained in my jockey's as I watched their sex play.

Fortunately they called our flight. It was well past midnight. The plane was a 727, the workhorse of the airlines in those days. We had scored the exit row seats. On a 727 that meant tons of legroom in the three across seats. The flight was barely a third full. The seats all around us were empty.

Mom took the window seat; dad the middle. I was stuck on the aisle.

Shortly after takeoff, the flight attendant passed out blankets. She apologized for the delay and announced they were dimming the lights to allow the passengers to sleep. I dozed off. When I awoke mom and dad were gone. I needed to pee and went aft to the bathroom. As I entered one bathroom, dad exited the other. He was obviously drunk and barely able to walk. He never noticed me. I watched as he staggered drunkenly up the aisle to our seats.

When I returned to our seats, dad was covered head to toe in a blanket and snoring loudly. He was in my aisle seat. I slipped into the middle seat, pulled my blanket over me and dozed back off.

I felt someone shaking me. I realized that my mom had returned to her seat.

"Wake up, John, she hissed, I want to play!"

I opened my mouth to correct her. I stopped. I realized that she thought it was my father. The semi darkness, the change in seats and her drunken state caused her error.

"John, wake up. You said we were going to join the five mile high club!"

I could hear the frustration in her voice.

"I took my panties off, she hissed!"

I broke into a light sweat. Did I dare? Had the gods of incest conspired to offer me this gift?

I reached over and lightly squeezed her ass. She wiggled it deliciously. She went to speak and I shushed her. I couldn't let her talk. That would start a conversation and "dad" would be expected to answer.

I reached down and slowly pulled mom's dress up. I was sweating profusely. My heart beat like a trip hammer in my chest. What if she realized it was me? What if dad woke up? You scared bastard, I said to myself. What if the fucking plane crashed while you are dealing with what ifs!

I rubbed her bare ass. I was rubbing my mom's bare ass! She pushed it back against me. I scooted forward. I eased my finger into mom's pussy. The wet heat was incredible! Her bush was drenched. Obviously the sex play in the bar had her hot and bothered.

With my other hand I reached around and squeezed her huge mammary. The sharp intake of breath was my signal to continue. I started massaging her breast at the bottom and worked out to her nipple.

Her nipple was the size of my thumb. It was rigid from her passion. I rolled it slowly between my fingers. I heard the sibilance of her sharp intake of breath. Then her hand covered mine.

I froze! Would she realize that the hand that was exploring the tit that had once suckled me was the issue of her womb and not her husband? She moved her hand. I felt her dress loosen. I realized she was undoing the remaining buttons on this easy access dress.

I pulled her dress up until it was just bunched material between us. Mom was naked. My dick was caught between us. It was against my stomach and pressed into her back.

I heard her moan as I slowly worked my finger in and out of mom's pussy. Her ass drove back hard against my fingers. She moaned loudly. I stopped finger fucking her and shushed her. I squeezed her nipple hard. Her whole body shuddered.

"Ok, John, ok, she whispered, but please, puleeeze fuck me now!"

I slipped my pants down. I scooted closer. I gripped mom's waist in both hands and pulled her toward me. She scooted back. I reached between us and forced my stiff cock down. I pushed forward and slowly entered my mother's pussy. The heat was almost unbearable. Her wetness was incredible. I stopped. She was so tight I was afraid I would cum too quickly. This had to last!

She leaned her head back closer to me.

"John, you feel so big in me! I have never felt this full!"

I began a slow in and out. Her pussy was so wet I was sure the whole plane could hear the sloshing sound. I could feel mom's pussy contracting, holding me tight as I thrust harder and harder.

I shushed her again as her moans got louder.

Her big ass thrust back harder and harder against me. She stifled a scream with her fist as she came. She bucked and thrust back hard against me. Her orgasms consumed her as she tried to get me deeper. The hard contractions of her orgasm were more than I could take. I unloaded deep in mom's pussy, pushing my dick forward hard to meet her thrusts as spurt after incestuous spurt filled the same vagina I had come out of in birth!

Now there was an image; the mental image of me exiting her vagina as a squalling baby. It was replaced by the image of my baby makers, strongly swimming, now on their way up that same birth canal. I collapsed into my seat. My dick still semi hard in my mother's pussy. My blanket was soaked.

I could feel mom still shaking as her orgasm continued. I held her massive tit in my hand and squeezed her nipple as waves of pleasure wracked her body.

Does she cum like this when you fuck her, dad? Does her body quake with receding passion you have brought her like it quakes with me? Behind me my father snored.

"John, that was the best ever!"

Mom chortled as she reached back and patted my hip.

A few minute later she was snoring quietly.

I could feel our juices drying on my dick as I dozed off.

Mom and dad were still sleeping when I woke up. I lay quietly rubbing her ass. She had rebuttoned her dress. I felt the cloth and not that magnificent butt. She stirred. I quickly covered my head and pretended to be sleep.

"John, she whispered, I want you to fuck my ass. You know, like you do at home but at 30,000 feet. I got some lube in my purse. I'll be right back."

She crawled over me and dad and walked forward to the bathroom. I sat up and watched her ass roll sensuously as she moved down the aisle. At eighteen, I had fucked a few girls. But I had never had a pussy like hers. I knew girls would never again satisfy me.

I looked over at my snoring dad with a mixture of camaraderie and envy. He might never know it, but we now shared mom's pussy. She had reveled in my bigger dick, old man, I thought. I envied him his many years of getting this fabulous piece of ass.

I saw mom exit the bathroom. I scooted down, turned toward the window and covered my head. Mom stepped across first dad then me and settled in her window seat. She straightened her blanket and covered herself. She glanced over me at my father. Did I detect a moment of confusion? Did the size of the person not match what she thought? Although not fat like my father I was a big guy.

She reached under my blanket.

"Here's the lube, she said"

I peeked from under the blanket as she furtively looked around the plane. I panicked as she turned toward me. The game was up! She was going to move my blanket and realize her son had just fucked her. Would she scream in amazement? Would she stand and announce to the world that her son had fucked her? What state were we over? What was the penalty for fucking your drunken mom?

Instead she scooted down to her knees. She covered her head with the blanket. I felt her feeling around under the blanket. She found my dick! I felt her tongue lick me. She traced a line from just under my balls up to the tip of my cock. She took me in her mouth. Her head bobbed up and down. Suddenly she stopped and sat back in her seat.

"Use the lube now, she whispered, but I just had to get a taste of your dick encrusted with our cum! You know how much I love that!"

Mom rolled to face the window. I felt her bare ass under the blanket. I slowly eased the head of my cock in her ass. She reached back and pressed her hand against my belly.

"Easy, John, easy! Lord, why are you so big tonight? Your dick hasn't been this hard in years!"

We lay like that for a minute. The head of my dick was just inside her ass. Then I felt her push back slowly. An inch more slid slowly into her ass. I heard a sharp intake of breath as she pressed again on my belly with her hand.

Then she released her hand I slid halfway into her fantastic ass. I pulled back slowly. Then I pressed in again hard. I felt her body trembled slightly as she tried to handle my girth. Then she pushed back hard and I bottomed out in her ass. She reached back and grabbed my blanket. As I slowly pulled

back, her death grip on my blanket caused her to pull it off me.

I scrambled to grab it. Too late! She turned to help with the blanket. Her eyes widened first in surprise, and then horror as she realized it was he son buried balls deep in her ass. She tried to move forward away from me. I grabbed her waist and assayed two quick in and out thrusts.

"Do you really want me to stop now; I whispered urgently, do you really want me to stop?"

She stopped moving and her head dropped to the seat. But she didn't push me away. Nor did she push back in response to my thrusts. I moved slowly in and out of her tight ass. I reached around and palmed her breasts. Thrust in; squeeze tit. I sat up a rhythm. Her head moved back closer to mine.

"Cover us with your blanket, she moaned"

I quickly covered us with my blanket.

"Now hurry! Finish in me before your father wakes up. Son, give mom all that big fat fucking dick! Fill my ass with your seed."

She thrust back and I pounded forward. I leaned forward so I could whisper in her ear

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Mom, your ass is amazing! So tight!"

"Oh son, I have never felt like this. It's wrong but so dam good."

"I have wanted you for years, I groaned."

We were good together. We settled into a rhythm that had us both blowing like steam engines.

I glanced back at my drunken snoring father. This is our ass now, old man, I thought. I squeezed mom's tit hard. We were both covered in sweating and fucking like barnyard animals. From now on you share her with me. She is my mother, your wife but this ass and pussy is ours!

We came together. I filled her ass with my sperm. She groaned loudly as my dick spurt deep in her ass. I grabbed one large nipple and pulled it hard.

"Oh jezuz yes, she screamed, stuffing her fist in her mouth to stifle it"

We rolled to our backs, exhausted. Her dress was completely open. I watched her chest heave as she tried to catch her breath. I inspected this amazing woman. She looked so wanton laying there with her legs spread. A thin sheen of sweat covered her. Her pubic hairs were matted with sweat. In

the dim light, I thought I could make out her still swollen pussy lips.

I reached down and cupped her pussy in my hand. I massaged her mound slowly, reveling in my conquest. Mom looked at me strangely. She moved my hand. She buttoned her dress. She stood to straighten it. For a brief moment, the hem hung on top of the curve of her bare ass. I quickly leaned forward and kissed her ass.

The lights came up in the plane. The flight attendant announced we were descending.

"Wake your father. But first, what you did....what we did... is very wrong."

"You didn't like it?"

She paused and looked me deep in my eyes.

"It was fantastic! I haven't cum like that in years. And you are so much bigger than your father. But what we did was legally and morally wrong. If anyone found out, we would both be ostracized and probably jailed. You must never tell anyone!"

I nodded my head. The thought that I would never enjoy carnal knowledge of this woman, my mother this amazing sexual animal again depressed me.

But I understood what she was saying.

"So we won't be doing this anymore?"

She reached across me and shook my dad. He groggily started to come out of his drunken sleep. Mom smiled wickedly.

"I didn't say that!"

## Chapter 2

John and Jamie's weekly lovemaking had been as intense and satisfying as it always was. She relished feeling his come leak out of her swollen pussy. Even after 20 years, she enjoyed the sensation of a come filled pussy. There was a wantonness about it that enthralled her. In one of her sexual fantasies, she envisioned many men filling her. The thought of all of their swimmers competing to fertilize her egg caused a tingle in her nether regions.

Her hand trailed down over her sweaty breasts. Her nipples were still engorged and sensitive. A thrill shot through her body as she lightly rubbed them. There was a slight burn where John had lightly bit her nipple.

But lately, she wanted more. The guilt engendered by her need gnawed at her. Her son, Sam, fucking her on the plane had awakened an aching chasm of need in her. It was an evil need, a demeaning need. It took her into the abyss of social and moral degradation. It was so wrong! Still the memory of

his huge young cock filling her pussy then plumbing the depths of her anus caused her to shiver involuntarily.

Jamie rolled to a sitting position her, bare feet slapped loudly on the cool terrazzo floor. She stood and stripped off her sweat drenched gown. The coolness of the night air caused her to shiver slightly. Her nipples hardened. She wrapped her arms over her large pendulous breasts as she padded softly to the shower.

Her movement caused John's come to leak out of her pussy. She smiled to herself at how wicked this always made her feel. She loved the erotic sensation of come leaking out of her pussy and running down her thighs.

Involuntarily her mind shot back to her soggy walk down the aisle of the airplane after her son, Sam, had come in her pussy and ass. Her full back panties were soaked with Sam's come. She recalled wondering if the other passengers could hear the squishy sound she made. Her eyes had shot guiltily from one anonymous face to the other.

Was that man in seat 23F giving her a knowing smile? Was there disgust on that woman's face in seat 18A? Did they know she had just committed incest? That she had fucked her barely 18 year old son? And yes, goddamit, that she had experienced orgasms like she had never had before! Fuck you, seat 12C!

She shivered again as she remembered the incredible soreness. She recalled the delicious wetness of another man (boy's?) come filling her birth canal. She recalled the dull ached in her cunt. Sam had stretched her to her limits and beyond. Thankfully John hadn't wanted to fuck for nearly a week afterward.

A tingle diffused through her body. Her clit pulsed. Her anus convulsed as she recalled how Sam had impaled her with his enormous cock.

Shame and lust fought for prominence in her mind. She unsuccessfully tried to at once force that shameful incident from her mind and relish the moment when she realized that

it was not John but Sam who had her coming like a school girl. That it was Sam who filled her anus so completely, who scratched an itch she didn't know she had.

She started to sweat profusely. Her legs felt weak. She thought she might pass out. She realized her fingers were massaging her soaking wet pussy.

You sick bitch, she thought to herself. You are getting aroused thinking about your son fucking you. But I was drunk, she thought. John and I had drunk way too much while waiting for the plane. She smiled as she remembered their whispered decision to join the five-mile -high club.

Jamie, you are lying to yourself! You knew the cock was bigger than any you had ever had. But God it felt so good! Even now she reveled in that incredible fullness. And when you realized it was Sam in your ass you let him finish. And, yes, you sick slut, you enjoyed it.

The hot water streamed over Jamie's body. She added body wash to her sponge. As she soaped her breasts and gently washed her pussy, she realized that she had crossed a bridge. She knew she couldn't keep fucking Sam. She also knew that she couldn't stop!

Her clit was always incredibly sensitive after sex. She balanced herself against the wall of shower with one hand as she thoroughly washed her pussy.

Each time the sponge moved over her swollen clit, a thrill ran through her body. That was unusual. Normally she was sated after her weekly romp with John. But in the month since they returned from the funeral, she was insatiable. She laughed to herself. Poor, baby, he is having trouble keeping up!

I bet Sam could.....

Stop it, stop it, stop it, she screamed to herself! You need help! You are fantasizing about your son, the issue of your womb, fucking you.

Quickly Jamie rinsed off the soap. She stepped from the shower and started toweling herself dry. She surveyed her form in the full length mirror on the bathroom door.

Lord, she thought. I look like the Pillsbury doughboy! She turned sideways to the mirror. She inhaled deeply then pressed her hands to her abdomen. The action caused her breasts to jut out prominently.

At 5' 9" and 200+lbs, Jamie was a big girl. The years had softened her belly and enlarged her ass. She had a pronounced pooch in front and a large jiggly ass behind. Her breasts had the disturbing habit of bouncing slightly when she walked.

Not bad for an old lady, she thought. And besides, I am not trying to attract men.

Her breasts had a slight sag. But her nipples stood out proudly. Maybe I should start going to a gym. Tighten things up a little. Somewhere in the deep recesses of her mind she knew who she really wanted to look good for.

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Daylight streamed like spun gold through the open window. The sheer curtains caught it and diffused it through the room as they moved lazily in the soft morning breeze. Jamie felt the warmth of the sun tease her body. The caress of the breeze touched her nipples, causing them to harden.

She had decided to sleep nude last night. That was unusual for her. But some many unusual things were happening to her. She slipped on a cotton robe and buttoned it up the front. Absently she opined that she should at least put on a bra and panties.

Fuck it, she thought. She moved briskly down the hall. As she passed Sam 's open bedroom door, she glanced in. Sam was

fiat of his back, snoring noisily. Her eyes widened as she saw his dick standing erect. It must have been 9" and as big around as a coke can. It appeared to move slightly.

Her hand trailed down to her moistening pussy. She recalled the initial shock of pain as that huge piece of man meat entered her pussy. She ran her fingers through her wet slit as memories of that incredible violation flooded back.

In her mind she screamed as she tried to push her unclean thoughts from her lust filled mind. Her fingers found her swollen clit as her anus clenched and unclenched. All of that had been in her ass! Dear lord, how had she managed it?

With a will, Jamie shook herself and started down the stairs. She wondered if these hormonal surges were being caused by menopause. She would make an appointment with her doctor today. It was obvious that she couldn't walk around in a constant state of semi arousal, particularly if that arousal was being caused by her barely eighteen year old son.

Jamie busied herself preparing breakfast for her men. She smiled dryly as the literalness of the thought. She for the first time in her life, she was fucking two men; one was her husband of 20 years, the other was her 18 year old son.

As she sliced the potatoes, diced the onions and blended the eggs, idle thoughts ambled across her mind. Besides the doctor's appointment, John was having a big party for an important client this weekend. The caterers and cleanup people would be in to start preparations. She had to supervise them. She recalled how sore her pussy and ass had been after she and Sam fucked.

Wait! Where did that come from?

She felt someone come up behind her. Strong arms enveloped her. Eager hands cupped her breasts. She pressed back and felt a hard cock pressing against her ass. She wiggled a little.

"Good morning, John. Breakfast will be ready in a few minutes"

"It's not dad, mom."

Frantically, Jamie tried to pull away.

"Sam, you stop this instant!"

Her voice was firm, authoritative. It called upon the ingrained response required of a child. Sam hesitated. But then he renews his massaging of his mom's tits. He ground his rigid member into her large ass.

"No mom. I'm not stopping. You have been avoiding me since the airplane."

Sam's voice quavered. There was dryness in his throat. But he had thought about this. He needed to know.

Jamie twisted and turned violently trying to free herself. She felt her robe riding up, exposing her bare ass.

"Sam, dam it, stop!" She demanded.

Jamie realized her voice was too loud. She didn't want to wake John. That would be the beginning of a long conversation that could only end with the revelation that she had fucked their son. Her life was unraveling enough. She felt her robe being pulled up.

"I love you, mom."

"Baby, this kind of love is sick. It's incest. You must stop. "

Jamie felt her son's huge cock sliding up and down the crack of her ass. Reflexively she bent forward, trying to twist out of her son's vice like grip. She felt the pressure of his massive dickhead against her now very wet cunt.

"I love you, mom"

Jamie sucked a sibilant breath as she felt her son's massive mushroom like dick head enter her love canal. She felt her pussy spasm in anticipation.

Oh my god, she thought, I am losing control. She winced as Sam forced his enormous tool into her gushing wet cunt.

"Easy, baby, easy! Go slow! "

Jamie felt a wince of pain. Her son bottom out against her cervix. Still he pushed.

"Wait baby, wait! Momma needs to get used to you."

Sam slid out and thrust back hard into his mom's pussy. At 18 there was no technique, just need. Each youthful thrust forced Jamie against the sink.

Jamie worked her arms free. She grabbed the edge of the sink. He was going to ram her through the wall. Still she realized she was thrusting back. She was having mini orgasms. She trembled uncontrollably. He was like a jack rabbit, pounding her unmercifully. She heard some slut moaning fuck me and realized it was her.

Almost impossibly she felt Sam's cock swelling. She thought she screamed as the pain /pleasure wracked her body. He's coming, she thought. He is planting his seed in my womb. The force of his ejaculation brought her to a moaning, thrusting orgasm. She can hear him groan loudly as rope after rope of his strong, potent sperm filled her love channel.

Jamie was exhausted. Her knees were rubber bands, barely able to hold her. Her chubby little fingers gripped the kitchen sink desperately. She sank to the floor, her cheek relishing the

smooth coolness of the polished wooden door. A line of perspiration smeared its surface.

Sam slid down with her, his young massive pole maintaining its position deep in his mom's now gaping pussy. Slowly he began a slower, steadier pace. He was a man possessed. Fully 8" of his full 9" donkey like cock was filling his mom's pussy.

Jamie sank to her belly. Her arms were splayed out over her head. Insanely she had an image of herself, on a crucifix being impaled by Sam's cock. He couldn't want more. He couldn't! She couldn't take it! She felt each thrust of his youthful eagerness push her up the tiled floor.

Even as she thought she could take no more, she felt his balls slap her ass. He was all the way in her! She heard the animal growling of a bitch in heat. She was dimly aware that she was thrusting up hard to meet his frantic downward pounding.

She could hear his groans; feel his sweat dropping on her back. Stunned, she felt him slap her moon shaped ass hard as

he implored her to keep fucking. Her son was demanding that she fuck him harder! She did as ordered. Rising to her knees and hands to give her more leverage, she began a rhythmic rocking and thrusting. She felt her large tits swinging like larger melons hanging from a vine.

The sounds of ass hitting crotch filled the kitchen, flesh on flesh. The bitch in heat was crying in exhaustion and lust. He slapped her ass again, urging her on!

"Fill momma's pussy! Pump your seed deep in me. Make momma your bitch! "

From a distant corner of her mind there came a feeling of intense embarrassment. A mother shouldn't talk to her teenage son this way. But mothers shouldn't fuck their son's either.

She felt his cock swelling inside her as he prepared to come again. He thrust hard forward again and again, pumping Jamie full. Her orgasm matched his, causing her to thrust back

hard, accepting the gift of his seed deep in her welcoming womb.

"Jamie, is breakfast ready, John called from upstairs?"

The kitchen air stank of their sweat. In the hallway above were discovery, shame and ruin. They could hear John moving down the hall toward the steps.

Despite herself, Jamie pussy spasmed as she squirted her contribution to merge with Sam's seed. Sam had a hand on either side of his mom's luscious ass. He stared upward. Jamie was trying to talk but her hips had a mind of their own. She kept rocking back.

"About 10 minutes, John!" Her voice was squeaky, breathless.

"Are you ok, dear? You sound odd."

Jamie heard John take a few steps down the hall. A few more and he would have a full view of this erotic incestuous scene.

"John I'm fine. But don't you dare come down to my kitchen until you shower. "

She heard him chuckle and his footsteps head back toward their bedroom.

"Take it out Sam."

Sam was in a trance. Jamie reached back, placed a hand in his chest and pushed. She could have sworn she heard a popping sound as her son's massive schlong slid slowly out of her aching pussy.

"Go clean up!" She pointed to the downstairs bathroom.

"I love you, mom!"

"I love you too, baby!"

Jamie turned back to the sink. She returned to fixing breakfast. Her hands trembled slightly. She straightened her robe and rebuttoned it. As she added bacon to the sizzling skillet, she felt her son's come oozing out of her pussy. She felt it's warmth as it ran down her thigh.

As she turned the bacon, Sam came out of the bathroom.

"Watch the bacon for mommy while I clean up."

"Ok mom, Sam said somewhat shyly."

Jamie saw his diffidence. She also saw he was still semi hard. Lord, she thought what am I going to do?

In the bathroom she wet a towel. She quickly washed her son's come from her thighs and pussy. She held the towel close to her nose and inhaled the aroma. Impulsively, she stuffed the come soaked towel in her mouth and sucked it hungrily.

She got a little dizzy.

What now, she thought ruefully, what now?

## Chapter 3

John had nearly caught his wife and son fucking in the kitchen. He had stood at the top of the stairs while they were caught up in their carnal act of incest. Jamie had been on her hands and knees thrusting her ass back hard against Sam's dick, rutting like a bitch in heat. He might have heard her begging for more of his son's massive tool. He might have seen his son smacking his wife's fat ass, calling her a bitch and urging her to fuck harder. But he hadn't.

Now he sat next to the boy who was cuckolding him sharing Jamie's excellent Spanish eggs and bacon. There were piles of hot buttered toast. The glass pitcher brimmed with fresh squeezed orange juices. The fragrant aroma of cinnamon rolls wafted through the air.

John's main concern was that Sam act more responsibly, more like a man. He thought his wife pampered the boy too much. He thought the boy would never be a man if Jamie kept pampering him. She needed to be firmer with the boy.

"What's so funny?" John asked.

"What dad?" Sam mumbled absently, his mouth stuffed with food.

"I asked what was so funny. You are sitting there with your mouth full grinning like an idiot."

"Oh I don't know, dad. Lots of things! I'm off to college in a few weeks. I was thinking of how much I was going to miss you and mom! I'll miss the good times we had."

Jamie's face reddened. She understood what the good times were.

Your wife, my mother, our woman! We share her, old man! How's that for being a man?, Sam thought.

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Jamie busied herself preparing food for the annual family vacation. Each year the family spent several weekends at the lake. It was one of those family rituals that all families had. John had purchased a lot on this lake and was having a cabin built.

She also mentally prepared herself for three days of close contact with John and Sam. She smiled quietly as she

reminisced about the closeness of her family. John was a good husband and provider. He tended to be a little officious but he meant well.

He was a great lover. True, he was only the second cock she had but it satisfied her. Aside from that first sweaty encounter in the backseat of a Chevy, Jamie's entire sexual experience was with John. An outsider might say that their sex was one dimensional, that it lacked variety and spice. But it is a truism of life that you can't miss what you never had!

This year was different. Sam would be leaving for college shortly after they got back. This may be the last time for these kinds of family vacations. She felt her panties dampen as she thought about the other thing that was different about this vacation. She was fucking her son!

She felt the conflict and moral ambiguity of that forbidden relationship. That first time on the airplane may be charged off to too much alcohol and mistaken identity. But there was no excuse for the other morning on the kitchen floor. Jamie

knew that was wrong. She knew she should have been the strong one. She had no idea what was wrong with her. For the umpteenth she thought about menopause. But none of the literature said anything about it increasing your desire for incest.

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The early Friday morning start was lost when John`s office called about a lost shipment. He hurried to handle this potential disaster.

While he was gone, Sam and Jamie finished loading the food, alcohol and sundry other items they would need for their weekend trip. Throughout this process, Sam took every opportunity he could to feel up his mom.

He would slide past her in the tight confines of the cab over and let his cock rub across her ample ass. He seemed to find many opportunities to "accidentally" touch her breasts. Sam

was like a kid in a candy store. His mother was the forbidden sweets and he couldn't stop lusting for her.

For her part Jamie felt a deep sense of guilt and personal responsibility. In her mind she had caused her son to behave this way. She believed that she had been weak and it was causing her son to act out, to see her as a sex object.

That same outside observer would have noted that despite 20 years of marriage, Jamie was sexually inexperienced and somewhat sexually repressed. Sam had released a sexual demon. That demon clawed at the veneer of repression that hid her volcanic libido. Jamie was a volcano ready to explode in an orgy of excess.

Late in the day, Jamie was on her hands and knees storing can goods into the lower cabinets. John was fussy about how things were packed away and she wanted to be sure he wasn't annoyed with her. His fastidiousness was a real pain sometime.

Jamie wore an old wifebeater tee shirt that was perhaps a size or two too small. The sweat shorts she wore were just a touch too tight. She had rationalized that she needed old clothes for the hot tedious task of preparing the RV for the road. If it was suggested to her that this type of dress might fan the flames of lust her 18 year old son felt for her, that she was in fact dressing to excite him, she would have indignantly denied it.

The effect of his mom's dress was not lost on Sam. In his mind she was a plus size version of a Hooter's waitress. The tee shirt, the tight shorts had him in a constant state of arousal. He was transfixed as he covertly watched his mom bend, stretch and kneel. Her braless tits bounced disturbingly. When she bent over to reach a lower cabinet, the already tight shorts, stretched and strained to contain their contents.

Finally he had come up behind her and tried to pull Jamie's shorts down. After a brief struggle, Sam had her shorts and panties around her knees. Embarrassed, Jamie felt her pussy lubricating as she struggled to get away. Despite herself she was enjoying this rough foreplay. And when Sam got his cock at the entrance to her dripping cunt, she did push back. But as

the fat head of his enormous cock tried to force its way into her all too willing love hole, the angel of social propriety screamed its displeasure in her ear. Jamie fought to get her emotions under control.

"Goddammit Sam, stop it!"

Despite her head buzzing with her incredible state of arousal, despite the fact that she could feel juices running down her ample thighs, she managed her best "mom is pissed voice". Sam stopped, his overly large mushroom shaped dick head barely splitting his mom`s pussy. The little head said slam home. But the big head responded to 18 years of parental conditioning. He pulled out.

"Awwww mom! We have time. Dad won't be home for at least an hour!"

Jamie turned and sat on her butt. Her shorts and panties were around her ankles, her legs spread at the knees. She was aware that Sam's gaze was fixed on her swollen pussy lips and wet,

matted pubic hair. Her own gaze was riveted on Sam's 9" inch cock as it pointed rigidly at the ceiling of the RV.

"Sam, I am NOT one of your little whores from school! I am your MOTHER!

Jamie was building to a righteous tirade. She was going to put an end to this incest thing. But as she gathered herself to launch a barrage of maternal outrage, both she and Sam froze at the sound of a familiar voice.

"Jamie! Sam! Where are you guys?"

John was home. Sam was first to react, pulling his shorts up and forcing his tumescent love pole back in. It lay flat against his belly, trapped by the waistband. He hurriedly pulled his tee shirt over it to hide the 4" that rested against his belly. But still the bulge was unmistakable.

"Hello!! Anybody home?"

Jamie's legs were hogtied by the panties and shorts around her ankles. In her fevered panic, her eyes wide as saucers, she kept yanking ineffectually at her clothes. Seeing his mom was paralyzed with fear, Sam grabbed her arms and pulled her to her feet. He knelt in her front of her, grabbed her shorts and panties and began to pull them up.

But Sam was 18. Hormones coursed through his veins like a raging river. His face was even with his mom`s dripping wet pussy. The pungent aroma of her arousal filled his nostrils. Impulsively Sam buried his face in his mom's bristly womanhood. He forced his tongue between her still swollen labia and licked hungrily.

For the first time in her 45 years, a male had his mouth on Jamie's sex. Conflicting thoughts raced uncontrolled through her mind. She worried that she was so sweaty and aroused. She wished she had showered. What was he doing with her clit? It felt incredible! John was coming, John was coming! This is so wrong! O my fucking god I'm coming!

Reflexively Jamie grabbed her son's head. Her eyes rolled back in her head as she desperately tried to push him away. Then she pressed his face hard into her erupting pussy. Sam pulled back, licking his lips at the fragrant juices that covered his face. He finished helping his mom pull her clothes up. He turned and stepped to the door. He saw his dad`s back as he started up the driveway.

Sam looked back. His mom had her back to him. Her head was bowed and she was using the counter to support.

"We are in here, dad!"

\*\*\*

Sam was two hours into the four hour drive to the lake. Behind him his parents were well on their way to getting drunk. Dad`s excuse was the stress generated by the screw up at work.

Jamie was fighting lust. She was acutely aware of her son not four feet away. Her pussy was still tingling. As she maintained her end of the inane drunken conversation, in her mind she replayed the moment Sam had taken her clit in his mouth and sucked it. Even now her knees got weak. She recalled feeling of his tongue as it penetrated her labia. It was like a French kiss, so intimate, so exciting. Her pussy flooded her panties. The wet stickiness only increased her arousal. The sex demon had clawed the last vestige of repression from Jamie's libido. There was a heat in her thighs like she had never felt. She crossed and recrossed her legs. Feeling, yes almost hearing, her flooded pussy react.

Jamie didn't know it, but she had crossed a threshold. She liked getting her pussy licked. She wanted more!

She continued to match her husband drink for drink.

Lord, she thought, I can still smell my arousal. My panties are still soaked. I'm in heat for my teenage son! What kind of bitch am I??

\*\*\*

Sam guided the RV off the expressway. Behind him he could hear the snoring of his mom and dad. As usual, when they had free time, they had drank and then fucked. Sam had listened intently to the sounds of their lovemaking. His dad wasn't much on foreplay. Sam knew that from the many nights he had listened at the common wall between their bedrooms.

There was little traffic as the RV moved smoothly through the small town.

As best as he could figure, dad was a missionary guy. He sucked mom's tits, fingered her pussy and then climbed into the saddle. But the old guy had stamina. They went 25-30 minutes before dad popped. And mom was a screamer!

About 2 miles outside town he saw the sign for the right turn onto the road leading to the lake. The road changed from asphalt to gravel as it wound through the trees toward the lake.

Sam also suspected that his dad was old school and didn't eat pussy. Sam smiled. He was licking pussy before he actually fucked. In his circle of friends, the girls gave hand and blow jobs. The guys got to feel up, suck their tits and lick their pussy. Oh they did their share of fucking but that came later.

Sam turned left at their road. The trees closed in on either side. Presently he saw the black emptiness of the lake. It was circled by a necklace of diamond like lights that marked the other properties. The headlights of the RV caught the skeletal hulk of the unfinished cabin.

Sam pulled past it and parked so that the door of RV faced the lake with the other side facing the uncompleted cabin. The blackness of night closed in when he turned off the headlights.

Sam flipped on an interior light. In the dim light he could see the outline of his parents in the queen sized bed in the rear. He rummaged through a drawer and found a flashlight.

Sam stretched and stepped toward the door. He grabbed a lawn chair and a beer from the fridge. He flipped off the interior light and turned on the flashlight. The yellow cone of light pierced the darkness. It provided a corridor of light through the all-encompassing darkness. He took two steps down into starless blackness of the night.

Jamie woke in the stifling heat of the RV. She was naked, covered only in a thin sheen of perspiration. Next to her John snored loudly. The tight confines of the back of the RV held the scent of their lovemaking. She rose and walked naked to the front of the RV. Somewhere in the recesses of her mind the angel of social propriety warned her to cover her nakedness. Her son was somewhere near. The devil of incest and lust said fuck it.

Jamie turned on an interior light. Sam must be outside. She sighed and went to the closet. She found a robe. It was an old thing that she had for several years. The weight she gained made it ride higher on her body. It hit her mid-thigh. The buttons strained to contain her 38D's.

The air was sultry. The high humidity and suffocating heat promised a summer storm soon. The katydids repetitive song filled the air. As Sam was taking a swig of the ice cold beer, he heard the RV door open behind him. He glanced back and saw his mom clad in her old robe.

"Out here, mom!"

He turned on the flashlight to light her way. Jamie held a beer in one hand and with other switched off the interior light.

He could see her carrying a chair and the beer in the yellow cone of light from the flashlight. Sam went over, grabbed his mom's chair and set it up next to his. After they both settle in the chairs, Sam turned off the flashlight. The darkness settled

in like black velvet blanket. Though they were only a few feet apart, they could barely make out the shape of each other.

"My god, the heat is unbelievable!" Jamie said thickly. She was still feeling the effects of the alcohol she and her husband had drunk.

"Yes, I think we are going to get thunderstorm in the next few days."

In the thick still summer air, Sam was acutely aware of the sexual musk his mom exuded. He felt his dick harden as he inhaled this heady aroma.

Jamie knew she needed a shower. She thought that she must smell like a goat. She was hot and sweaty. She was leaking her husband's come. Her pussy was still damp and swollen. Her arousal had begun some 5 hours ago with Sam. That was followed by a very satisfying fuck in the RV. Wickedly, she wondered if Sam had heard her screams of passion. Inwardly she hoped he had. She was instantly ashamed of herself.

"Want another beer, mom?"

"Yes baby, thank you."

Jamie undid the buttons on her robe. She pulled it back and exposed herself to the sultry night air. In the distance she heard the thrum of a motorboat on the lake. Her hand drifted to her overheated sex. A thrill shot through her body as she touched her clit. She dipped a finger in her heated cauldron. It came out coated in her juices and John's cum.

Tentatively she moved her finger to her mouth. It was an odd taste but not that unpleasant. She added a finger and scooped out more. She sucked hungrily. A faint memory of the taste came to her. That first time in the Chevy! Her head had been forced down on her date's cock. She recalled the heady sweetness of his pre cum, the musk of his arousal.

John hated oral sex. They had never done it. She had convinced herself that she didn't need it.

When Sam came back with the unopened beers, he walked up behind his mom and playfully put the cold can on her neck. She shrieked and jumped up. Playfully she tried to grab him. He scooted away toward the lake. She cut him off. She grabbed him around the waist. They fell in heap in the grass, both giggling loudly.

Sam could feel Jamie's nakedness under him. He ran his hands over her body. He recalled a name from art class, Rubenesque. It was used to describe the women painted by Rubens. They were all full figured women. His mom was Rubenesque.

In the dark their lips met. Sam pressed his tongue hotly against his mom's trembling lips. Slowly, almost hesitantly, Jamie allowed his tongue to enter her mouth. Sam probed deep, pushing Jamie's tongue into the recesses of her mouth.

She responded by dueling with his tongue for entrance into the sanctuary of his mouth.

Sam's hand found the plump nipple of his mother's breast. He squeezed it roughly and pulled it, eliciting throaty moans from Jamie. In turn her hand slid between their sweat soaked bodies and found his rigid tool. She pumped it vigorously, marveling that her fingers could not circle its circumference. Sam groaned loudly from his mom`s stroking.

Sam slid slowly down her body, pausing to nip lightly on each nipple, eliciting a near scream from Jamie as she writhed under him. He drew his tongue down her belly causing Jamie to start thrusting her hips violently up and down. When his tongue flicked her navel she screamed into the midnight black darkness of the summer night as her orgasm overtook her.

Jamie felt her orgasm burst wetly from her. She soaked Sam's tee shirt with the volume and force of her release. Still Sam

moved downward. His tongue traced the hard outline of her hood, licked lightly at her love button.

Jamie's orgasm was almost continuous now. She growled and snarled like an animal of the night. In self-defense Sam wrapped his arms around his mother's thrusting hips. His face was buried in the pungent crevice of her volcano like pussy. It constantly spewed the molten lava of her erupting sex.

Sam thrust two fingers into the scalding heat of her pussy. If he could have seen her eyes, he would have known that pupils had rolled back in her head. She was a woman possessed. At 45 she was experiencing sex as she never had before.

Sam turned slowly. He pulled his mom slightly to her side. He helped her raise one leg and then buried his face in the love arch formed. He was drunk with the musty sweetness of her pussy. He lapped greedily at her pussy. What was that taste? Oh yes, he thought! His dad he come in her! He greedily licked the heavy cream, his head almost exploding at the incredible sensation.

Jamie was having an out of body experience. Despite the complete darkness she thought she could see her son between her legs. Something hit her in the face. She reached and touched Sam's man meat. She licked and it and tasted his sweatiness. She heard the blood roaring in her ears as she kissed the mushroom. With an effort she managed to get her mouth around it. Her jaw ached but she had it in her mouth. Jamie rose to one elbow and used her free hand to stroke her son's manhood.

Sam had his mom's clit in his mouth. His thumb was in her pussy and his finger penetrated her ass. Jamie bucked hard against Sam's mouth. She was riding waves of orgasms, building to a crest and dropping to a trough only to rise again.

Sam knew he was going to come. He felt that itch in his scrotum that moved into his balls. He pumped his cock hard into his mom's mouth. Jamie's saliva was drooling out the corners of her mouth. Almost impossibly she felt Sam's cock growing in her mouth. As she bucked against his mouth, he exploded in hers. The force of his ejaculation forced her head

back. She caught a fire house sized stream of Sam's man juice in her mouth. It gagged her and she began to cough. This caused the rest of his steaming man juice to assault her eyes, drenched her hair and inundated her breasts.

Jamie rolled on her back. Sensations coursed through her body like jolts of electricity. Her heart beat like a trip hammer. She couldn't get her breath. She felt like she was dying. Never, never in her life had she experienced sex like this. And it was with her son!!

And, just when she thought she would pass out, when her weary body wanted to rest, she felt the weight of her son's body press down on her. The bulbous head of Sam's enormous cock slide between her labia. She realized that the moaning she was hearing was her as her birth canal expanded to its limits to accommodate her son.

Sam began a slow steady stroke, getting half of his cock in her. They both could hear the wet squishy sound of their lovemaking. Incredibly, Jamie's grew, her wetness increased

and Sam's cock went deeper. In a red haze of passion, she wondered how much deeper he could go, how much she could take.

Who was that screaming, Jamie thought? It sounded like some wild animal. She realized it as her screaming. She laughed to herself. You sound like some cock crazed slut!

She groaned loudly as Sam's cock hit her cervix. Still he pounded and she screamed. Jamie was orgasming so hard and so much that the grass under them was slick with her juices. Still she wanted more.

Sam braced himself on his knees and arms as Jamie wrapped her legs around his back and her arms around his neck. She repeatedly lifted herself off the grass, thrusting herself up against his dick. She needed more! She wanted it deeper!

Sam felt his seed filling his balls. He felt the indescribable sensation of his seed coursing up his dick and exploding into his mom's pussy. Jamie fell back on the grass. Her arms were

spread out like she was on a cross. Her legs were gapped and trembling as she felt her son thrust 3, 4, and 5, 6 times as his seed filled her pussy and penetrated her cervix.

Sam collapsed on top of Jamie, exhausted, but surprisingly still hard. They were both drenched in sweat and bodily fluids. They were both breathing heavily. Sam rolled off his mom and onto his back. Their fingers entwined.

"Baby, that was incredible!"

"Thank you, mom"

"And your father has never, never kissed me down there! My toes actually curled!"

Mother and son lay partially clothed, recovering in the afterglow of their tryst. Jamie's robe was a wet mess. She felt a slight tingle as her sweat rolled over her nipples were Sam

had nibbled tits She was exhausted but sated like never before. Sam's dick was still hard, bouncing lightly.

"What the hell is all that noise out there?"

There was no rush to get up. They both realized that their relationship had entered a new phase. John was not to be feared. Discovery would still be catastrophic but was perhaps inevitable. Besides ,the incredible darkness of the moonless night prevented him from seeing them.

"Hi honey! Sam and I were goofing around. Sorry we woke you up."

John stood in the doorway and peered into the pitch black darkness. He could not make out the forms of his wife son lying side by side.

"John, grab some beers and a chair and join us."

Sam and Jamie straightened their clothes and went back to their chairs and sat down facing the lake. Jamie's hands went to her son's hard cock and lightly stroked it. Sam's hand went to his mom's pussy. He stroked it lightly through her panties.

John brought out the beers and his chair. He plopped down, took a deep swig of his beer. His hand found his wife's thigh. He slowly stroked Jamie's full thigh while Sam's hand was stroking his mom's pussy. Jamie covered Sam's hand and pressed it into her pussy.

When John tried to move his hand up Jamie's thigh to her pussy, she stopped him.

"Stop, John, I'm tired!"

John smiled in the darkness, thinking about the sex they had while Sam was driving.

"That was quite a workout, wasn't it?"

Jamie felt her son's finger enter her. She covered his hand with hers and pushed his finger deeper in her. With her other she continued stroking Sam's cock.

"Yes, John, it was quite a workout!"

## Chapter 4

Jamie lay quietly in bed. Her husband Henry snored loudly next to her. With the affection borne of 20 years of marriage, she reached over and lightly stroked his arm. Theirs was a good marriage. Early on they had struggled, working hard to build their import/export business and to get to know each other.

The business was doing very well. Their marriage was sound. Their sex life was adequate.

They had sex at least once per week. She smiled as she added a mental caveat: more if they were drinking. Last month on the family trip to the lake they fucked two of the four days they were there. They even had sex while Sam, their son, was driving them to the lake in their RV.

Jamie realized that her pussy moistened as she thought about Sam. A wave of lust tinged with guilt washed over her as she thought about Sam. They had fucked twice also on that same trip. She realized that she was stroking Henry's arm while her other hand rubbed her pussy through her gown.

Jamie's grin broaden as she thought of her 48 year old pussy taking two cocks and four loads of come in four days. She pulled her gown up to allow her fingers access to her now dripping pussy.

She had always loved the squishy feeling of a come filled pussy. She used to go to the office with Henry with her pussy full of his seed. Her breath grew ragged as she fingered her pussy. Those were the days!!

Jamie let her thumb roll over her clit. Her body bucked with the intense pleasure that caused. Now she had a new memory to cherish. It had happened the second day at the lake.

Sam had pitched a tent in the skeletal framework of the unfinished lake cabin. The joke was he would be the first family member to sleep in the cabin.

Jamie and Henry had shared some hard cider he picked up in town. They had shared the cider along with the idle chat that long married couples have. They had discussed the plans for finishing the cabin, the sound financial condition of the family business, gossip about their friends and, ultimately, Sam leaving for college next week.

Jamie recalled the intense feeling of loss she had felt. Her baby was leaving the nest. He would be living away from home for the first time ever. She felt the odd mixture of dread and happiness of a mother watching her baby take that first tentative step.

She had also felt the longing that one feels when you lose a lover. The emptiness seemed to fill not only her heart but her soul. Her stomach turned reacting to her feeling of lost. Fucking her son was wrong. It was immoral and illegal. It was also the most intense mental and physical connection she had every felt for any human being.

This issue of her womb, that miracle of life created in her and brought forth squalling into the world, had created an indelible maternal bond. Their incestuous coupling added an indescribable dimension to that maternal bond.

Ultimately, she and Henry were drunk. They had retired to the bedroom in the rear of the RV. They had never been much on foreplay. They undressed hurriedly. They lay facing in each other in bed kissing. Jamie had felt her wetness grow as Henry dutifully fingered her eager pussy. Henry's cock had grown to its semi rigid fullness from her much practiced stroking.

From the forbidden recesses of her mind she had flashed back to her and Sam lying head to toe, his mouth and tongue pleasuring every crevice of her gushing pussy. She had groaned loudly as her husband cock entered her wet pussy and she had recalled her son's cock throbbing hotly in her mouth.

She had wrapped her legs around her husband's back and thrust up hard to meet Henry's urgent pounding. As they embraced and kissed while coupling with the familiarity of a long married couple, her pussy gushed with wetness recalling Sam forcing her orgasm with his mouth while he pumped his seed into his mom's mouth.

As Henry's thrusting had grown more urgent, bringing them both to their mutual orgasm, she had screamed in passion remembering that day on the kitchen floor. She had been on her knees being fucked doggie style, terrified that Henry would catch them, but more aroused then she had ever been as her son, her much loved only child, the focus of her adult life, had smacked her ass, urging her on.

When Henry had collapsed on top of her, spent and exhausted, she lovingly rubbed his back. She could feel that deliciously wicked feeling she always had when her pussy was full of sperm. They had kissed and he rolled off her. Shortly she heard his even breathing followed by his loud snoring.

Jamie had stood and walked naked the short distance to the RV bathroom to clean up. She had paused with her hand on the knob. Without further hesitation, she had covered the short distance to door. She opened it. As she padded nude across the grassy expanse to the unfinished cabin, she had felt the heat rising in her pussy as Henry's seed leaked from her pussy and ran down her thigh.

It had been easy to find Sam's lighted tent. She unzipped the opening and crawled in.

Sam had greeted her warmly. He too was naked. His 18 year old dick was rigid and erect. They had kissed with the urgency only clandestine lovers can know. She had wantonly stroked

his cock. He murmured thanks as his fingers entered her come filled pussy.

For the second time in less than thirty minutes, her pussy had been penetrated by an eager man meat. For the second time that night she had wrapped her fat thighs around a lover and accepted his seed into her birth canal. Jamie again felt the salacious wickedness of a come filled pussy.

But for the first time that night, she had laid head to toe with her lover affectionately licking each other clean. And, again for the first time that night, their mutual cleaning led to an earth shaking orgasm. She had drenched Sam with her juices while she choked trying to swallow every spurt of his copious ejaculation.

They had lain next to each other in the humid tent. They stroked each other as they whispered the sweet nothings all lovers whisper after sex, even when those lovers were mother and son.

Jamie rose and walked across the carpeted floor to the shower. She stripped off her cotton gown. The steaming hot water felt good on her skin. She used her nylon scrongy to work up a good lather. Jamie thought about the coming day as she scrubbed each of her large breasts. She knew the next few days would be hectic.

They had an eight hour drive to State College to drop Sam off. For the umpty umpth time she felt the mixture of anxiety and lost at the thought. She placed one leg on the teak stool as she scrubbed her thighs and pussy.

As she washed her hair, she idly planned the last family breakfast for a while. She knew it needed to be hearty for her men. She smiled to herself.."her men"! She did have two men in her life. She loved them both mightily and differently.

She let the hot water rinse the remaining shampoo from her hair and body. She stepped from the shower and grabbed a big fluffy towel. Vigorously she dried her hair and body. She lingered briefly on her clit. The soft roughness was almost like

Sam's tongue. She mentally shook herself. Behave, she thought laughing!

Jamie reached for her worn Terry cloth robe. She hesitated. Then she rummaged through her closet. She found the pink satin robe she was looking for. It was part of a role play outfit Henry had given her many Valentine's Days ago. It included an impossibly tiny thong and a shelf bra.

She found the thong and slipped into it. The tiny triangle of cloth disappeared into her labia. Well, she thought I HAVE gained a few pounds! She slipped out of it, realizing the thong and bra were now too small. The robe fit her snugly. Where once it had dropped to just above her knees, it now hit her mid-thigh.

She pirouetted in front of the full length mirror. In back the robe covered her ample ass and dropped a few inches below it. The front tied covered her 38D...barely! She giggled as she moved down the hall. Her guys would be bug eyed taking her

in. She paused briefly at Sam's bedroom door. She sighed. She moved pass his room and on down to the kitchen.

Jamie didn't think of this way but she was like an addict taking a cure. She needed to go cold turkey from the addiction of her son's cock or she would never kick the monkey off her back.

Upstairs the men in Jamie's life were awakening

Henry rolled over, wiped the sleep from his eyes and grabbed his Blackberry. A quick perusal of text, email and the other forms of electronic business management showed him that Worldwide Export/import had survived the night. He fired off a text to his General Manager reminding him that he, Henry, would be travelling with his family taking his son to college. He then headed for the shower.

Sam was in the dream state that lies between sleep and being awake. His hand firmly gripped his morning wood as the woman's face sucking his cock in this dream state slowly resolved into his mother's. A smile spread across his face as he

climbed to full wakefulness. Two thoughts fought for prominence: he was leaving for college today. The other was how much he was going to miss his parents, especially his mom.

The aroma of frying bacon invaded his nostrils. Suddenly he was ravenous. He slipped on some jean shorts and walked hurriedly downstairs.

His mouth dropped open at what he saw in kitchen. His mom had her back to the stairs. A pink satin robe barely covered her amazing ass. Aware that his father would soon be down, he crept up behind and wrapped his arms around her waist. As he hugged her, he gently squeezed her tits.

Jamie jumped as she felt herself being enveloped in a pair of strong tanned arms. She had no doubt who it was. She felt Sam's big cock grind into her all too willing ass as he kissed her neck and massaged her breasts.

"Mmmmmmm that feels good, baby!"

"Good morning, mom." Sam breathed into his mom's ear.

"Stop it, Honey! Your dad will be down shortly."

Reluctantly, Sam released his mother and sat down at the kitchen table. His gaze wandered hungrily over her barely clad body.

"Good god, Jamie! You are dam near naked!" Henry intoned angrily from the bottom of the stairs.

"Henry, shut up and sit down!" Jamie barked back. "All the vital parts are covered!"

"Sweet jezuz, darling, at least wait until Sam is gone!"

Like a spectator at a tennis match, Sam's head moved back and forth following the exchange.

Henry sat at the kitchen table facing Sam, his back to Jamie at the stove. She walked up behind him and kissed his bald head.

"Stop fussing and eat your breakfast. We have a long drive today."

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As roomy as the cab over RV was, Sam's clothes, stereo, 50" flat screen TV and sundry other items filled the interior. They had elected to use the rear and over cab beds as storage. That left just the near queen size convertible kitchen bench seat/bed for sleeping. Sam and Henry would share the driving; Jamie was uncomfortable driving this truck like vehicle.

She sat on the bench seat watching the backs of her two men as they discussed road conditions. Was it only three months since that plane ride that had opened her eyes to new vistas of

sexuality? Three months since Sam had taken her on that life changing airplane flight? She hardly recognized the person she had become.

For three months she had two cocks servicing her. With each mile that passed she was coming closer to being a one cock woman. She giggled at her characterization of herself. There would always be the holidays and the summers.

Her reverie was broken by Henry coming to the rear of the cabin. He plopped down wearily across from her.

"Babe, we are not going to make State College today. This rain has slowed us to a crawl."

Almost since leaving their driveway they had been crawling through a downpour. They were barely making 20 mph.

"The GPS says there is a rest area about a mile down the road. We are going to pull in and wait for the storm to pass."

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Jamie lay wide awake next to her husband. The constant drumming of the late summer rain on the metal roof of their RV combined with the frequent lightning and thunder were keeping her awake. The tight sleeping conditions didn't help. The convertible kitchen bed was barely queen size. She and Henry were crammed into its tight confines.

She glanced at the curtain that separated the driving cab from the rear. Sam had grabbed a sleeping bag and sacked out between the captain's chairs. Henry had been unusually tired. She sighed. They were both overweight. Henry's doctor had warned him to lose weight and reduce the stress in his life.

Jamie sat up on the side of the bed. She was restless, concerned about her and Henry's health, and incredibly horny! Again she glanced at the curtain. Sam was just the other side of that flimsy divide. She had watched him strip to

just his boxers. She knew he had a partial hard on. He always did!

Unconsciously she licked her lips. She and her husband had never been much on oral sex. It just hadn't been their thing. The era they came from was more conservative sexually. Hell, she thought, doggy style had been considered kinky!

But Sam had opened the world of oral sex to her. She smiled to herself. Her 18 year old son had expanded her sexual universe.

Jamie was wet with arousal as she recalled 69ing with her son. Her heart rate increased and a light sheen of sweat appeared on her forehead. She shivered as the thought of the sheer intimacy of that act. Your lover's cock pulsing in your mouth while his tongue invaded your nether regions, the oral sharing of those intimate bodily fluids could not be more erotic. That was followed by the swelling as you felt his seed engorge his penis, then to have him fill your mouth and belly with his sperm was just incredible.

She was addicted to oral sex now. She craved it. She would wake at night with her mouth making a suckling motion. A few weeks back she had woke Henry up sucking his cock. He had been irritated and it seemed to Jamie, a little disgusted.

Her pussy ached with need. Her ears roared with sound of blood rushing through her veins. Hungrily she stared at the curtain. He was just a few feet away. If they were very quiet.....!

Jamie mentally shook herself. Stop it, she thought angrily, stop it! You are getting yourself wrought up for nothing. You cannot suck Sam's cock with Henry sleeping less than six feet away! That would be crazy!

Jamie stood and moved stealthily toward the curtain. As she began to ease it to the side, lightning crackled loudly through the night sky, illuminating the interior. It was followed by a tremendous clap of thunder.

Henry bolted upright, shocked awake by the intensity of the lightning and thunder. In the illumination he saw Jamie step through the curtain into the cab. What the hell is she doing, he thought, the boy needs his rest. She needed to let go! Groggily he reflected that being away from his mother would be good for the boy, help him to mature, become a man!

He was dozing back off when he thought he heard a groan. Henry sat up on one elbow and tried to peer through the darkness. Lightning flashed followed by the roll of thunder. Henry saw the clear outline of Jamie kneeling over their son. What the hell was she doing?

In the darkness, he heard another distinct groan. What was that other sound? Slurping? Henry sat up on the side of the bed. The next lightning flash showed...what? Was she lying on top of Sam?

Henry didn't know why but he rose and moved quietly the few steps to the front of the RV. He stood motionless just

outside the curtain. He hesitated. A cold fear gripped his heart. Gently he opened a small slit in the curtain.

Jamie made sure the curtain was pulled behind her. She knelt over the sleeping figure of her son. She could see his cock poking invitingly through the opening in his boxers. She leaned down and lovingly kissed the head of his dick. Henry groaned.

In the next flash of lightning Sam saw his mom licking his cock. He reached up and squeezed her hanging tit. Jamie stifled a moan. She turned, pulled her gown up; offering her pussy to her son as she lustfully inhaled his youthful love pole. Sleepily Sam buried his face in the arch created by Jamie's raised leg.

Henry was paralyzed. His mind was having trouble processing what he was seeing. Like a trip hammer, his heart pounded in his chest.

Jamie moaned softly as Sam's tongue explored her pussy. Her anus twitched reflexively as she felt his finger press against her anal ring. Sam moaned as his mom's head bobbed eagerly up and down on his dick.

The lightning flashed and Henry saw his son's finger in his wife's ass. He saw her head bobbing on Sam's dick. Henry took a step back, releasing the hold on the curtain. His eyes were wide. He was having trouble getting his breath. The thought struggled into his mind: his wife and his son were having sex!

Rage boiled up in his chest. His wife and his son were.....! Henry was an intelligent man. But the word was hard to wrap his head around. Their moaning was louder now. He leaned over and opened another small slit. Jamie was on top of Sam. Her ass was flexing and relaxing as Sam licked her pussy and fingered her ass.

Henry was prepared to burst in on this incestuous tryst. He wanted to confront his treacherous son and cheating wife. He would demand an explanation of this betrayal!

And then what, he thought? Throw them out of the RV? Drive home and file for divorce? He had grounds. How would that look in the newspapers? He visualized the headlines: Local Exec catches wife and son in incestuous tryst! The other media outlines would be no less salacious. He envisioned media trucks parked outside his office and home, microphones shoved in his face. His business would suffer!

Jamie and Sam's moans grew louder.

The rage turned to humiliation. Maybe he could get them to agree to stop. But what if they refused?

He wasn't enough man for Jamie and she had turned to Sam? But they had a good sex life. At least he thought they did. Was it his fault? Sam and Jamie moaned loudly. As lightning crackled in the predawn gloom, Henry saw liquid squirt from his wife's pussy. He heard Sam groan in ecstasy as it hit him in the face. She had never done that for him!! He thought it was a myth.

Thunder shook the RV. He watched as they lay head to toe. Aside from a display of righteous indignation, his options were few.

Jamie got to her knees. Henry realized that they were finished. His gait was unsteady as he hurried back to the bed. He hastily slipped under the covers and turned his face to the wall. He heard Jamie walk softly back to the bed. She crawled in and snuggled up to him. She reeked of sweat and sex. He thought he could smell Sam's sperm on her breath! Henry pretended to be sleep. Soon her breathing became regular.

Jezuz H Fucking Christ!! His son and his wife were engaged in an incestuous relationship!! What should he do? What should he say to them?

The storm within him and outside raged all night. At dawn the thunderstorm was over and Henry knew what he had to do!

# Chapter 5

John watched pensively as Sam carried his belongings up to his dorm room. His resolve to confront his wife and son about their incestuous affair was wavering. His disgust and rage from the night before was still there but so were his nagging fears.

There were the practical considerations. If it got out, the scandal would destroy his business. He could imagine the snickering behind his back from business associates and competitors, John the cuckold, John whose wife turned to her son for what her husband could not give her!

Then there were the legal ramifications. Incest was illegal. Would Jamie and Sam go to jail? What about him? The law could decide he knew and condoned it. Jesus H. Fucking Christ! Visions of scandal, ruin, and possibly jail scudded across his fevered brain.

Then there was a visceral fear of rejection. What if he confronted one or both of them and they chose each other? His belly did a somersault at the prospect.

As they carried Sam's belongings to his dorm room, he noticed that Jamie and Sam seemed to collide more than was necessary. Despite the crowds, it seemed to him that they always ended up close to each other.

Normally he would dismiss his suspicions as paranoia. He ruefully paraphrased the old joke in his mind: it is not paranoia if you saw them fucking.

John was not used to this strenuous activity in this searing heat. He felt a little faint. His knees refused to hold him anymore. He spied a concrete bench just outside Sam's dorm. He plopped his plump frame down. He mopped the sweat his exertions had produced.

"John, are you ok?"

He looked up into the concerned face of his wife of 20 years.

"I'm fine. I just need to blow a little!"

"Well, you take it easy. Sam and I can finish this!"

He nodded agreement. She affectionately stroked his cheek. She turned and continued on to the RV. John knew that Sam had gone that way a moment before. If he followed her now, would he again see his wife on knees sucking her son's cock?

He mentally shook himself. He needed to get hold of himself. His stomach ached due to his anxiety. He had better find antacids.

He stood and moved toward the RV. As he approached it, he could hear them chattering. Should he announce his arrival?

\*\*\*

Sam and Jamie were a study in mixed emotions. There was elation at entering college and a new phase in both their lives. There was sadness that they would no longer have the near unfettered access to each other that they had enjoyed.

Jamie, despite her initial resistance, loved the sheer exuberance that her son brought to sex. His youth and virility meant that he had near unquenchable sexual desire. She thought ruefully that the exuberance meant that sometimes her pussy was tender for a few days.

A stray thought nagged her. She needed to get back on the pill. Her hand strayed to her abdomen. She reveled in feeling Sam's seed splash against her womb. She shivered deliciously as she thought about the millions of life giving swimmers her son filled her with. However, she needed to guard against a disastrous pregnancy.

She had actually come to love the heart stopping exhilaration, the spontaneity of illicit sex. The risk of exposure heightened that exhilaration. There was no time for the niceties of condoms.

Her heart rate accelerated. A thin sheen of sweat popped out on her upper lip as she recalled some of their narrow escapes. This had all started because she convinced John to join the Five Mile High Club. He had to resort to bottled courage to agree to it. Then he had passed out drunk on the airplane and Sam had surreptitiously taken his place.

Jamie shook herself to pull out of her reverie. She felt the sodden mess of her panties between her legs. She felt deliciously wicked as she walked back to the RV. How many 45-year-old women had 18-year-old lovers? How many women had actually fucked their son on a commercial airliner?

That sex was incredible. The close proximity of the other passengers and the flight attendants had her more aroused

then she had ever been in her life. Then to find out it was her son, her 18 old son, who fucked her. Jamie thought her legs could no longer hold her as she recalled pulling the blanket back and seeing it was Sam. A mini orgasm caused her to pause in her trek back to the RV.

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Sam watched as his mom walked toward the RV. The roll of her hips and the soft sway of her breasts enchanted him. He dearly loved this woman, his mother, his lover. His youthful mind had no conflict with the incestuous nature of their relationship. He accepted its duality.

Sam watched as Jamie paused at the bench where his dad sat. Even from this distance, he could see dad did not look well. He stood and started to go see about John when he saw mom pat him on the cheek and continue. He must be ok.

In the afterglow of one of their trysts, he had actually proposed telling dad. His mom's reaction had been explosive.

She had bounded out of his bed and stood naked over him. She trembled with rage as she shook her finger at him and made him promise never, never to tell anyone, especially John, what he and she did.

Bemused, he promised, although he believed that dad would accept it if they explained it to him.

Sam hid behind the door.

\*\*\*

Jamie walked up the steps into the cool interior of the camper. It may be wasteful of energy, she thought, but on a day like today, it was worth it! She was about to turn and go tell John to sit in here when Sam grabbed her around her waist. His hands trailed up and he squeezed her breasts.

"Sam," she said with mock severity. "You stop that this minute!"

"Yes ma'am," Sam cooed as he raised her tee shirt above her bra.

"Sam, stop it."

"Yes mother," he whispered as he nibbled her ear and pushed her bra above her breast.

Jamie's tone softened as Sam pulled roughly on her nipples.

"Baby, we have to be care...!"

Jamie broke away as she glimpsed John approaching the camper.

"Your father!"

She gasped, as she sprinted to the back of the RV. In one smooth motion, she pulled her bra and shirt down. Frantically, she looked around, spied a garment bag, grabbed it, turned and bumped into John in the door.

"Honey, do we have antacids?"

"Your stomach still bothering you, Sweetie? Come in here and sit down."

She handed the garment bag to Sam.

"You are going to have to finish yourself. I need to see about your father"

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Sam grabbed a second garment bag and trudged the short distance from the camper to his dorm. The halls and elevators

were jammed with students, their parents and other relatives and friends.

Sam trekked the short distance from the elevator to his room. His cock ached with sexual frustration. He had been so close with mom before dad showed up. He knew her breasts were her most sensitive area. He had learned that if he pulled on her nipples while stroking her clit, she would do whatever he wanted.

At 18, his sexual experience was limited. Nevertheless, his eagerness was unbound.

A quizzical smile played across his lips as thought of where they had sex. Of course, he had initiated the first times they had sex. That first time on the airplane had been all him; mom thought it was dad. Moreover, that time in the kitchen on the floor, he started it, but when dad almost caught them, she seemed to get wetter and wilder.

His cock sprang to diamond like hardness as he recalled the time at the lake. In the total darkness of the moonless night, he had fingered his mom's pussy while she sat between him and dad.

The public address system announced a mandatory freshman orientation. Sam dropped his garment bags on the bed and hurried back to the camper. His parents wanted to attend the orientation with him.

People packed the area in front of the dorm as he made his way to his parents. He threaded his way through these masses. He reached the van, mounted the steps, threw open the door and froze.

His dad sat on the convertible couch with his eyes closed, a look of intense pleasure on his face as his mom's head bobbed up and down on his dick. Startled by his sudden entrance, Jamie pulled dad's cock from her mouth, held it in one hand and turn her head toward Sam.

At that precise instant, his father started to come. His first hard spurt hit the side of her face. In reaction, she turned and caught the next spurt in her eyes. Partially blinded, she attempted to stand and caught the last spurt on her bare tits.

"I'm...I'm sorry," Sam managed to stammer as he backed out the door. He missed the first step and tumbled backwards onto the asphalt, banging his head.

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John felt better in the air-conditioned coolness of the RV. It did not hurt that he had Jamie's undivided attention. He took pleasure in the way she dismissed Sam to take care of him. He grimaced as he thought of the sexual relationship between his wife and son. A part of him recoiled at the perversity of it.

He watched as she fussed about the camper. First bringing him the antacids and a glass of ice-cold water, then she prepared a cold compress and dabbed his forehead with it.

She scooted into the breakfast nook with him. He noted the full curve of her womanly breasts. Time and having Sam had added to their heft. He reached over gently squeezed one.

Jamie giggled.

"Well, feeling better are we?"

John grabbed the other breast and massaged it.

"I have always loved your breasts."

Jamie was already in a state of arousal. Her earlier reverie about sex with her son combined with his feel up of her had left her tingling. She knew she needed to put on dry panties. The ones she had on were drenched in her secretions. Now John wanted to play!

John lifted Jamie's tee shirt. Smiling broadly, he reached behind her and undid her bra. John watched with increasing arousal as Jamie's large breasts tumbled free of their confinement. God, I love this woman he thought as he leaned down and took one rigid nipple in his mouth. He suckled hungrily.

Jamie gently caressed her husband's head. She felt need deep in her being. A need to be filled, to have a man's seed fill her pussy, her womb. She seemed to be in a constant state of arousal now. At 45, she was not sure what was happening to her. Jamie felt John's hand slide down the waistband of her shorts. Involuntarily she began to hump his hand.

I am out of control, she thought fearfully. I have lost control of myself, of my emotions. She knew John wanted to fuck. And they would, but first she needed a cock in her mouth. She needed to taste the boiling hot seed of a man scalding her throat, infusing her lust.

"Let me suck you, baby, please, I need it!"

Bare breasted, her shorts down around her ass, Jamie knelt in front of her husband. She smiled up at him as she licked his throbbing dick. She rejoiced in hearing the sharp intake of breath as she took him in her mouth. She could feel his bulbous cock head sliding in her mouth. She shivered with a mini orgasm at the feel of him in her mouth. She looked lovingly into his eyes as she took him down her throat. The head of her husband's cock slid easily into that familiar hole. All too quickly, she felt him swell. The vein under his cock began to throb as it pumped his juice up his cock.

Out of the corner of her eye, she caught movement. She turned her head to see who was in the door. She looked into the stunned eyes of her son as John's orgasm hit her in the side of the face. She turned and the next spurt caught her in the eyes blinding her. She tried to stand, to wipe cum from her eyes and the last spurt hit her in the chest.

She heard Sam yelp in pain from outside. Her baby had fallen and hurt himself. Uncaring about her appearance she wiped her eyes and bolted toward the door. There was her baby

sitting on the ground, rubbing the back of his head. Two campus security police happened to be passing and hurried to him.

They slid to a stop. They both stared at the seminude woman standing in the camper's doorway. She seemed to be covered in some white, shiny goop. They watched with a mixture of lust and amusement as she knelt over the injured youngster.

"Are you ok, baby?" Jamie stroked Sam's head.

"Yes mom, I'm fine!"

One of the Security police clears his throat.

"Ma'am, university policy is we take him to the Infirmary."

"I'll ride there with you!" Concern was thick in Jamie's voice.

Standing in the door of the camper, John watched his wife check her son's head, totally unaware that she was naked from the waist up and that her face was covered in cum.

"Jamie, you can't go looking like that!"

The officers chuckled, continuing to ogle her cum covered tits.

Jamie looked down at her exposed breast; she was at once horrified and deeply aroused. Total strangers were looking at her cum covered breasts. She giggled self-consciously and made a halfhearted attempt to cover herself.

She smiled coyly at the officers.

"I'll clean up and go with you!"

John had an epiphany. Jamie was back into exhibitionism! Now where had that come from? He watched as she turned,

her shorts still half covering her ample ass, and sauntered into the camper. He looked down at her crotch. The wet spot extended out from her pussy and down the leg of her shorts.

Sam was confused. First mom was sucking dad's cock as if she really enjoyed it. Then she was parading around with her tits out and cum all over her! What had happened to his mom?

John watched Jamie leave for the Infirmary with a smirk on his face. No damn 18 year old was going to outdo him! The look on his son's face had been priceless! Then she had shown her tits to the security guards. He knew that was not a mistake. At least it was not after she realized she was bare breasted. It reminded him of the Jamie he married, the one who loved fucking on his desk at work while people were just outside the door. They always believed that Sam was conceived in his third floor office.

That office faced the construction site. Jamie had loved the idea that they might see her. She would pull back the drapes, strip from the waist down and lay across his desk to be fucked

doggy while she watched the construction guys to see if they saw them.

Back then, they discussed swinging. Jamie had a fantasy of her pussy filled with the seed of multiple men. John thought about how incredibly hard the image made him, the image of his wife taking cock. They never acted on it. The needs of the business intruded into their fantasy.

With a start, he realized that Sam and Jamie were going to the Infirmary alone. He struggled to his feet. He waddled to the door, opened it and stepped out. The heat slapped him in the face with an almost physical force. He staggered, sweat popped out over his entire body.

Oh my god, he thought, can I make it? Maybe I should go back in the RV and just rest in its air-conditioned comfort. In the distance, he saw the canopy covered 4-person golf cart transporting his wife and son to the Infirmary. He had to go there! He was not sure what his endgame would be, but he knew leaving Jamie and Sam alone was not a good idea.

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The intake clerk was apologetic. The doctor was on campus but busy over seeing physicals at the gym. He was aware they were at the clinic. He would be there as quick as he could.

She led them down a short corridor to the examination rooms. There were four rooms, two on each side, separated by curtains. She indicated a room. She reached in a cabinet and pulled out the green paper hospital gowns.

"Strip to your underwear and put on this."

She handed Sam the gown. She turned to Jamie.

"Ma'am, he is your son so it is up to you whether you stay while he undresses!"

The clerk pulled the curtain and walked back to her desk. Sam and Jamie could see her walk behind her desk and sit down.

Jamie felt a tingling in her pussy. If the clerk looked back...!?

Sam was a little light headed from his fall. He was experiencing double vision also. He stripped off his tee shirt, tossed it on the extra chair. Then he stepped out of shorts.

Jamie licked her lips hungrily as she surveyed her jockey-clad son. Lord, look at that tight body, she mused. She noticed his eyes were unfocused and he seemed a little unsteady.

"Here, baby, let me help you with the gown!"

Jamie picked up the gown and slid it over her son's shoulders. She stepped behind him and tied just the top knot. She let her hands slip under the gown. Her hand slid down his taut 18 year old body. She moaned softly as her hands slid across his tight hard abdomen.

This is crazy, she thought, if the clerk glances back, she could see us through the gap in the curtain. Nevertheless, she could not help herself. Images of Sam walking in on her sucking his father scudded across her lust filled mind. Her panties moistened as the voyeuristic scene filled her mind. When the image of the security guards seeing her topless covered in cum entered her mind, she groaned and sank to her knees. She kissed her son's jockey clad ass as her hands found their way into the waistband of his underwear.

Sam weaved slowly as his mom pulled his shorts down and kissed his ass. From a distant place, he felt her hands around his waist stroking his cock. When he felt her tongue lick his anus, he tried to lean forward to give her better access. He over balanced and fell forward through the curtain. He managed not to fall.

Jamie was horrified when Sam stumbled forward and partially opened the curtain. Her eyes shot down the short corridor. The clerk's head was clearly visible, peering over some forms. Her panties flooded as she realized they were

totally exposed. If the clerk merely raised her head, she would see her on her knees, her arms around his waist, his cock in her hands. The tableau blurred as a mini orgasm wracked her.

John sat on a concrete bench sweating profusely. The heat and the long walk were taking their toll. Nevertheless, I am halfway there, he thought. It is just as far to go back as it is to go on.

He saw the golf cart moving toward him. The same two security guards had taken Jamie and Sam to the Infirmary. The cart pulled up next to him.

"Are you ok, sir?"

The concern showed on their face. John was sweating and appeared to be having trouble getting his breath.

"I'll be fine," John said. "But would you be so kind as to take me to the Infirmary? My wife and son are there."

The guards helped John into the golf cart, turned and started the short trip.

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Jamie pulled Sam back into the examination room. His detached attitude concerned her. Maybe he has a concussion, she thought. She had him lay down on the narrow examination bed. Despite his condition, John's young tool stood rigidly at attention.

Well at least that is working, she thought. Lust clouded her concern for her son. Her sexual senses were overloaded. If I can just ride him a few minutes, just get off one time, I will be ok. Jamie glanced through the gap in the curtain as she leaned forward and kissed the head of her son's tumescent love pole.

Sam groaned as his mom inhaled his cock. The beginnings of a major headache did not dull the sensations of her ministrations.

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John thanked the security guards. He walked into the blessed coolness of the Infirmary. He inquired about Jamie and Sam. Without raising her head, the clerk pointed down the hall toward the examination rooms.

John moved slowly down the corridor. He mopped perspiration from his brow with his well used moist handkerchief. Halfway down the corridor he slowed. His heart jumped into his throat at the sight he beheld. Sam was flat on his back on an examination table. Jamie straddle him, her back to Sam pumping wildly up and down on Sam's youthful tool.

Oh my god, he thought, oh my god, they are fucking...AGAIN!! He strode quietly to the curtain. Behind

him, the clerk studiously filled out forms. In front of him, his wife was fucking his son. Confusion reigned in John's mind.

He found his eyes glued to the sight of his son's cock sliding in and out of his wife's pussy. He was amazed at the amount of whitish froth that covered Sam's cock. It increased with each thrust into Jamie.

He unconsciously licked his lips. Dear fucking god, he thought, that is an amazing sight! A part of him was humiliated that his wife seemed to enjoy Sam's cock so much. She was never this vocal with him.

He watched as his wife increased the speed of her thrusting. Sam too was thrusting harder into his mother. His hands were gripping her thighs, bouncing his cock harder and deeper into her cheating married pussy.

John stepped through the curtain and pulled it close behind. Sam turned and tried to focus on the blurry figure standing

less than three feet from him. It looked like dad. Jamie was oblivious to her husband's entrance.

Jamie was lost in a miasma of lust. She was oblivious to John standing with his back to the curtain watching her incestuous fucking. She was close, so close! She felt the tingling in her pussy that presaged her orgasm. She felt her son's cock swell. They were going to cum together. She loved that feeling! Her pussy spasming, her son's young cock swelling and pulsing, feeling her with his life producing sperm. She needed it. She had to have it. She groaned and stifled a scream as her orgasm wracked her. She felt Sam release deep in her, his seed filling her birth canal splashing against her cervix.

"You incestuous bitch! Just what in the fuck do you think you are doing?"

Startled, Jamie looked over her shoulder and saw John standing there watching them. Intellectually, she knew she needed to stop. However, her orgasm wracked her. She could not stop herself from bouncing on Sam's cock. And if she

wanted to stop, Sam had a death grip on her hips and was forcing her to move.

Her eyes widened in horror as she looked into her husband's face as she and her son shared their orgasms. She moaned loudly as she felt her son's sperm fill her. She took in the riot of emotions that charged across his face as he beheld this ultimate betrayal. Her eyes trailed down. She was surprised to see a pronounced bulge in her husband's shorts. With an effort of will, she leaned forward, forcing Sam's cock slide out of her pussy. The popping sound that made sounded like a gunshot in the tiny room.

John's eyes were glued to Jamie's pussy. He watched in horror and fascination as the incredibly large tube of his son's man meat slid slowly out of his wife's pussy. John thought it would never stop. It seemed to go on forever, sliding inch by agonizing inch out of Jamie's pussy. He licked his lips as his son's mushroom head exited his mother's pussy. It was accompanied by a stream of his seed oozing out of his mom's pussy and dripping onto Sam's pubic thatch. John licked his dry lips again. When he tried to speak, only a croak came out.

Jamie jumped naked to the floor. The sensations of her orgasm still coursed through her body. She turned to face her husband and deal with the disaster that her life had become.

She shot a concerned glance at her son, Sam. He was still in a semi-conscious state from the concussion he sustained he sustained when he fell out of the RV. In front of her stood her husband of 20 years. His face was florid, sweat poured from him, soaking his shirt.

"You bitch! You cheating incestuous slut! How could you do this to me...to us?"

Jamie was frantic. This was the fear she had lived with since that day on the airplane when she and Sam

began their incestuous relationship. She sank to her knees, her shoulders shaking with her tears and her

shame.

"Please, John, please, let me explain!"

"Explain," John screamed. "Explain! You mean there is a rational reason why you are naked in the college Infirmary riding your son's cock like a common tramp!"

Despite himself, John's eyes were fixed on his wife's pussy. She knelt wide leg, Sam's come hung from her labia, some of it sliding wetly down her dimpled thighs. He was like the snake charmed by the sound of the flute. He rocked slowly back and forth as each come drop formed, stretched into a glistening white teardrop and splashed wetly to the white tile floor.

He was stunned that he was so aroused. His cock swelled in his shorts. He flashed back to watching Sam's cock slide effortlessly in and out of Jamie's pussy. John licked his lips nervously. What the fuck was wrong with me, he thought, I am getting a hard on!

John motioned peremptorily at Jamie's clothes.

"Get dressed," he said tiredly. "The doctor will be here in a moment."

"John, I..."

"Bitch, shut up and get dressed!"

Jamie froze in stunned silence. John had never called her a name like that. She looked around the room for something to wipe her pussy. Then thought about how it would look to John to see her wiping his son's seed from her married pussy. She balanced herself with one hand on the examination table where Sam lay as she stepped into one leg of her shorts.

"More, mommy," Sam mumbled as he reached for Jamie's hand. "Let's fuck some more!"

Jamie and John stood in a frozen tableau, each staring at their semi-conscious son.

"Rest, baby, rest! The doctor will be here in a moment!"

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Later they sat in the air-conditioned comfort of the RV. They had met with Sam's doctor. He assured them that Sam had a mild concussion and needed rest. Reluctantly, they agreed with the doctor that the best thing they could do was return to their home.

Now, for the first time since John had caught Jamie fucking her 18-year-old son, John and Jamie were alone. She still wore the same semen soaked shorts and sweat soaked tee shirt.

"When did this start?"

Desperate to salvage her marriage, Jamie related the sordid tale about the airplane ride.

Even in the chill of the RV, John felt the heat rise in his face as Jamie described how they, John and Jamie, had decided to join the five-mile high club.

She described how the three of them had accidentally switched seats.

"I thought it was you, John, I really did!"

"So you couldn't tell the difference between me and my son? That strains credulity!"

"Well...yes...I could tell...the difference!"

"John," Jamie cried. " I just thought you were harder and bigger because you were excited!"

John sprang from his seat, fist balled tightly at his side. For brief moment, Jamie thought he was going to hit her. Then she noticed the sheen of sweat that covered every inch of bare skin. Then she saw the bulge in his pants.

"Please, Darling, please...I don't want to talk about this anymore!"

"Answer me, Gawddamit, is Sam bigger than me?"

John could feel the veins on his temples throbbing. His vision blurred with the intensity of his emotion. He was confused about how he felt. He did not want to know but it had too!

"Yes...yes...he is but..."

"You slut," John screamed, spittle flying from his mouth. "So you decided to fuck our son because he had a bigger cock?"

"I didn't know, baby, I didn't know," Jamie wailed, tears streaming down her face.

The humiliation of it all washed across John in a tidal wave of emotion. His wife had taken their 18-year-old son as a lover because he, John, did not have a big enough cock. Absent mindedly, he opened his fist. One slid haltingly to his crotch. My god, he thought, why am I so hard?

"How...how many times have you...fucked Sam?"

Jamie looked up. She used both hands to wipe the tears from her eyes. She was not scared anymore. John was just trying to understand what happened. She could save her marriage by being honest. She eyed his crotch. Why is he so hard, she thought?

"Just five times, I think!"

"There was the time in the kitchen; you almost caught us that time"

"Wait! You are telling me when I was sitting at MY table in MY home; Sam was sitting next to me smirking because he had just fucked my wife??"

John moaned unconsciously. The humiliation was complete. His wife and son were laughing at while they ate the food he provided. His wife and son were lovers and he was the butt of their jokes.

John's cock was so hard it hurt. He stroked himself. He needed release.

Jamie watched John closely. His eyes were partially closed. He swayed gently as he stroked his cock. There was a large wet stain on his shorts where his pre cum had soaked through.

He is getting off on this she thought with some confusion. Carefully, she stood and took the few steps to her husband. He seemed to be almost in a trance, rocking back and forth, stroking his cock and sweating profusely. The germ of a suspicion sprouted in her mind.

She knelt in front of her husband. His cock made a prominent bulge in his shorts. No, she thought, he is not as big or as virile as Sam is, but he is a good provider. He has given me all that any woman could want.

She reached up and grasped John's zipper. She drew it down slowly, never taking her eyes off her husband red sweating face. She glanced down to see John's cock straining to pop out of the slit in his shorts. She helped it out and kissed the cum slickened head.

Jamie looked up to see John staring down at her.

"Baby," she cooed. "I suck Sam's cock too and let him cum in my mouth!"

She listened to John's loud groan and felt his cock pulse.

"And, Darling," Jamie whispered. "He fucks my ass anytime he wants!"

John howled in humiliation. He felt his dick pulse and throb. He knew he was going to cum. He could feel his balls filling.

He screamed as the first rope shot out and hit Jamie in the mouth.

Jamie was caught off guard. She did not know what she expected but she did not expect him to come. Her upper body rocked back away from this semen torrent. The second rope splattered wetly against her chin and dribbled down her neck into her cleavage. Still holding his cock, she brought it to her mouth and caught the last weak spurts in her mouth.

"John," Jamie smiled, wiping her husband's come from her chin and chest with her hands. "We need to talk!"

## Chapter 6

Jamie and John sat in lawn chairs in front of their RV. Their Coleman lantern provided the only light. Overhead broken clouds scudded across a star lit moonless sky. The air hung thick and heavy with humidity. Even at this late hour, the heat was oppressive.

John wore starched knee length khaki shorts with a short sleeve pressed gingham shirt. His one concession to camping were his well shined loafers. He wore them with no sox. Even in the relaxed atmosphere of camping, he felt he needed to present a tidy appearance. Jamie, on the other hand, wore a knee length bottom up the front cotton robe and flip-flops. Nothing else! Over the years, her more relaxed dress when camping or at their lake place was a bone of contention.

Around them in the semi seclusion provided by the sparsely forested campground, the golden glow of other lamps fought against the gloom. They sat quietly sipping on cold beers. They were both deep into thoughts about the revelations of the past few days. They had talked on the four-hour drive. Jamie apologized again. She went on to try to explain her feelings.

"I know I need to stop. If for no other reason than the psychological damage it will do to Sam."

"Can you stop," John asked. As he spoke the words, he feared the answer.

"I know this isn't fair, but do you want me to stop? As we discussed on the drive here, you were aroused like never before watching Sam and I."

John leaned backward and laced his fingers behind his neck. He stretched, lifting his feet from the ground, spreading his legs and lifting his butt off the chair. "Dammit, Jamie, what do

you want me to say? Keep fucking our son because I discover I like watching? No, we are not going to fuck up his life!"

Off to their right the loud laughter of their neighbors intruded on the conversation. They could just make out the palatial Type A Motorhome of their nearest neighbors, a father/son team returning from a fishing trip. John and Jamie had met them briefly while they were setting up camp.

\* \* \*

Jamie took a long pull on her beer, emptying it. Seeing John's was also empty, she took his empty beer bottle and dumped them both in the trash. She walked the few steps to ice chest, bent at the waist and fished out two more beers. Jamie noticed the gallon jug of homemade brandy their campground neighbors had given them. She took it out and sat it on the small table next to the plastic cups. Jamie struggled but managed to pull the cork out of the tightly sealed bottle. She splashed liberal amounts of the darkish liquid into the blue plastic cups. She had a half formed plan to get John drunk.

She was not sure what would happen after that. Maybe if they were both high it would help to get them through this.

John watched morosely as Jamie walked to the cooler. When she bent over to get the beers, the hem of her cotton robe rode high on her ample ass. John harden as he beheld her clamshell pussy framed by her full womanly thighs. Unbidden, the image of his son's cock stretching Jamie's pussy to its limits popped in his mind. He remembered the frothy whiteness of her juices coating Sam's cock. He tried to recall if he had ever had Jamie to that level of arousal, where her juices foamed out of her pussy. He was sure he had not. Nor had he ever seen her pussy lips red and swollen like that. Sam's cock was fatter and longer than his was! He was rigidly hard in an instant.

Why, he thought, does that arouse me so much? Is it the sight of a cock other than mine in her pussy? Or is it the humiliation of knowing I cannot satisfy her? He recalled when they were just getting the business started how they would open the drapes and fuck on his desk in front of the twelfth floor picture window. On a couple of occasions, the construction workers across the street would whoop and

holler as they watched. That always scared him. What if someone they knew saw them? The scandal could damage the business. However, Jamie said that the fear of being seen heightened her arousal.

For the next hour, they sipped their drinks. They tried to have a desultory conversation about normal things. However, Sam and Jamie's incest placed a pall over any topic. They understood that their marriage hung in the balance. Unless they could work through this betrayal, its weight would pull their marriage apart.

\* \* \*

Jamie stood to open yet another beer and to refill their cups with the homemade brandy. She staggered a little. Lord, she thought, that brandy packs a wallop. The heat, humidity and alcohol had her sweating profusely. Unconsciously, she undid the top three buttons of her housecoat. The coat fell open. I probably should get rid of this ratty old coat, she thought. Her fingers idly moved from just below her breasts down over her

waist and hips. A shiver moved over her body as recalled Sam taking her on the kitchen floor in this coat. Her pussy moistened as the memory of his young virile cock pounding her into submission filled her mind. Sam had just taken her over her objections. He was like a trip hammer, bam, bam, bam! No technique just a big hard dick having its way with her pussy! She smiled ruefully, a pussy that was leaking a lot right now!

Her hands went to the open vee of the coat containing her cleavage. The buttons just under her breasts held it together.

John watched bleary eyed as Jamie turned and walked the few steps back to her chair. The sensuality his wife projected now struck him. In their 20 years, he had seen her naked countless times. He had seen her partially dressed more time than he could count. Yet now he saw her in a new light. She seemed to glow. There was a...sexuality that he was sure was not there before.

"Undo the other buttons!"

"John," Jamie exclaimed, slurring her words, "The other camp is just through those trees. They might see me!" Her eyes scanned the thin row of trees. She could clearly see the back of the Comstock's RV.

"Undo the Gawddamit buttons!" John slurred.

"You are being naughty, John," Jamie giggled as she unbuttoned her robe. She glanced over her shoulder toward the camp of the father and son. It was quiet and had been for a while. Perhaps they were in bed.

Jamie weaved slightly. She opened her housecoat with a flourish, giggling uncontrollably. Her large breasts swayed as she gave an impromptu wiggle. She harkened back to their younger days when they dabbled in exhibitionism. That had been so hot!

"Turn slowly!" John slurred. His cock hung like a lump of semi hard meat. He was not sure where this was going. He wanted her exposed to the world as the cheating incestuous bitch she was. The conflict was he loved this incestuous bitch. As Jamie turned slowly, John thought he caught movement in the trees.

Jamie pirouetted slowly raising her housecoat as she turned. Being exposed in the open air of their camp was an incredibly turn on for her. She grabbed the hem of the coat and raised it to just below her breasts. She let one hand slide over her abdomen and one to the overheated vee of her sex. She shivered as her finger slid over her swollen clit. She froze as she thought she caught movement in the trees. Quickly, she dropped the hem of her coat and pulled it tightly around her.

"John, we need to go inside," She said nervously, "someone is watching!"

"Nobody's watching," John said, "besides you are the woman who fucked her son on an airplane. You don't have any shame!"

Jamie dropped her head as John's words cut into her. Even in her drunken haze, she realized it would be hard to get them back to some semblance of normalcy. Fuck it, she thought with uncharacteristic profanity, fuck it! She attempted to peer deep into the trees, to find the source of the movement.

She let her robe fall open. She let her fingers play on the lips of her labia. She teased herself, relishing the wickedness of her exposure, of playing with her pussy with the eyes of a phantom voyeur watching.

John's hand lightly stroked his semi hard member. "Face me!"

Jamie turned, her fingers still gliding effortlessly between the swollen, slick lips of her pussy. She was disappointed to see that the bulge in John's shorts had not grown. Motherfuck you, she raged in her mind. It turns me on, so fuck you!

John beckoned Jamie to come closer. As she moved toward him, he again thought he saw movement in the trees. He felt a stirring in his shorts. There was someone in the trees. Someone was watching Jamie. "Say what you did!"

"John, please, are we going to cover that ground again?" Jamie's arms fell to her side. The dull ache in her pussy throbbed. I thought we were past this, she thought. But he can't let it go! She felt a dull headache coming on. Perhaps it was over. Perhaps her marriage was over.

"You can't say it, can you?" John screamed. "You can't say that dirty thing you did!" John stared fixedly past Jamie into the trees. There was someone there!

"I fucked our son," Jamie screamed in exasperation, "I fucked our son and yes, yes, I enjoyed it!" Jamie turned to storm into the RV. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw someone move back into the shadows. Her heart stopped. They had to hear what she said. Dear god, she thought, my life is spinning out of control.

"Come here!" John said.

Jamie tore her eyes away from trying to see who was in the woods to confront her husband. She stepped in front of John. She watched with detachment as he tentatively rubbed her pussy with his open hand. She shivered as one finger found its way into the folds of her nether region.

John wrapped one arm around Jamie's waist and turned her sideways to him. He let his fingers slide through her swollen folds as he stared fixedly into darkness of the trees. He could not see any movement. Had they left? What was his plan if they were still there? Did he want them watch his wife play with herself?

A tremor shook Jamie's body as John leaned forward and wetly kissed her pussy. He did not really like doing that! Years ago, she had read stories about men who liked other men watching their wives. She shuddered as she recalled John's reaction to her telling him he behaved like those men. He had

nearly run the RV off the road as he screamed his denial. However, here someone watching her play with herself was again arousing him. She sank to her knees. If letting someone watch them have sex would save her marriage, then she was prepared to do it. She unzipped his pants slowly. She pulled his flaccid member from his shorts. She looked up to see him staring into the woods. She went to turn her head to see at what he was staring.

John grabbed Jamie's head in both hands and held it tight. His arousal watching his son and wife fuck was like something he never felt before. He admitted that to himself. "Just suck my dick, you cheating slut!"

The shadow in the woods moved forward and resolved itself into the figure of Aaron Comstock, the 30-year-old son of the campers next door. He stood just inside the line of trees. Clad only in his boxers, he slowly stroked his man meat as Jamie's head bobbed on her husband's cock.

Jamie saw that John was looking behind her. However, every time she tried to turn her head to see what he was staring at, he tightened his grip on her head. Fear gripped her as the realization that someone was watching her suck John's cock washed over her. Her latent exhibitionism tempered her fear.

John's hands slid down Jamie's back. He slid her housecoat up her back, exposing her ass and pussy to the furiously stroking young man. John let his hands roam over Jamie's full mature ass. He caught Aaron's eye and motioned with his head for him to come closer.

Jamie's pussy spasmed as she heard the soft crunch of feet on dried leaves. Someone was behind her and he was moving closer. A cold chill invaded her body as she imagined the image she presented, her bare ass and pussy on display to a stranger while she sucked her husband's cock. "John, what's going on?"

John's cock grew almost impossibly rigid as he watched Aaron's cock. His hands spread Jamie's cheeks.

Aaron stood just behind Jamie stroking furiously. He knew he needed to stop. He was so close to unloading. He stared at the intense look on John's face. Suddenly Aaron came. His sperm looped into the air like water spurting up from a fountain. It arced slowly and rained down on the woman's back.

Jamie screamed as she felt the molten fluid hit her shoulder blade. She could hear someone grunting behind her. Futilely she tried to pull away from John's death grip on her head. The person behind her grunted louder as another stream of liquid heat hit midway her back. John's cock was pulsing; he was trying to get his cock back in her mouth. Just then, she felt another splatter on her ass. Jamie realized that some man had come on her back! A stranger had painted her back in his come while her husband held her head.

Aaron knelt behind Jamie. Sweat poured off his body. He lustfully eyed her wide matronly ass. He could see the glistening wetness of her sex. His eyes shifted to her husband.

John caught Aaron's eye and glanced down at his wife's sweating behind. Aaron took that as a sign to go further. He extended his shaking hand and stroked Jamie's ass. In the dim light, he could see his load glistening on this mature woman's back.

Jamie felt the hand stroke her butt. At first, she thought it was her husband. Then she realized three hands were stroking her ass. She looked up into the sweat glistening face of her husband. He tore his eyes away from her ass and mouthed the words: Don't look!

Embolden by John's invitation and Jamie's silent acquiescence, Aaron leaned forward and kissed one sweaty cheek of Jamie's ass. He could taste the salty sweetness of his come.

Jamie froze. Someone was kissing her ass. When she tried to turn her head to see, John gripped it firmly in his hands. With his cock still in her mouth, her eyes pleaded with her husband.

John looked into Jamie's questioning eyes and mouthed: I love you.

Aaron planted kisses all over Jamie's ass. He could hear her sighs as his tongue trailed down and discovered her anus. Seized by the lust of the moment, he French kissed her anus, forcing his tongue deep in her quivering asshole.

Jamie languidly sucked her husband's cock as the unseen stranger tongue fucked her ass. The feeling was incredible! She had never had anyone do that to her. It felt so nasty, so filthy, and so incredibly hot! She felt his hands move sensuously over her ass, kneading it, caressing it, while he made love to that most forbidden, and most intimate of orifices. In addition, all the while, she sucked her husband's cock, their eyes locked.

Jamie shivered as a mini orgasm shook her. Then he stopped licking her ass. She groaned with disappointment. Then she felt him shift. Briefly, she felt his thighs against her behind. Then the head of a cock pressing against her swollen leaking

pussy. As the strange cock slid easily into sodden hole, she moaned. "Aww fuck, John, fuck that feels so good!" The stranger began a slow in and out followed by quick hard thrusts.

John looked down into his wife's sweating lustful face. The wantonness of the scene had him harder than he had ever been. He glanced up and caught Aaron's eye. Aaron smiled and used one hand to wipe the sweat from his face as he alternated between pulling his cock out to its full length and slowly sliding back in until he bottomed out on this mature woman's cervix. He would then thrust quick and hard for several strokes and slow again. In the dim light, he could see the white froth of her pussy covering his cock and her pussy.

"Do you like this, Jamie? Do you like taking strange cock while I watch?"

Jamie released his cock from her mouth. "Oh John, this is incredible! I never want it to stop! I will do anything to please you!"

"Than suck my fucking cock, you cheating, incestuous bitch!  
Fill your mouth with the same seed that made our son. "

Jamie felt the stranger cock swell. At the same time, she felt the large vein in John's cock began to pulse. They were both getting ready to come! For the uncounted times she had come that day with her son and now with this stranger, Jamie began to come yet again. At the same time, she felt the stranger buck against her and start filling her pussy with his life producing seed. Almost simultaneously, John exploded in her mouth. There was so much come she gagged and the gooey fluid seeped from the corners of her mouth. She tried to pull back to get her breath but the insistent thrusting of the man coming in her would not let her. She managed to pull her face back and catch the last of John's spurts on her face.

Jamie collapsed on her belly on the dried pine straw, breathing heavily. She felt hot drips of come hit the side of her face. Then the stranger slid out of her pussy and stood.

John saw Aaron's cock gleam wetly with the combined juices of he and Jaime. He could see a white froth coating the root of his cock and his pubic hair. He smiled and nodded at Aaron. Then he waved him away. Aaron nodded, stuffed his now limp cock back into his boxers and walked back through the tree line and into the darkness.

\* \* \*

John stood. He looked down at his heavily breathing wife. The pungent aroma of sex mixed with the smell of the pine trees and campfire smoke. He offered his hand Jaime. "Get up!"

Jamie took her husband's hand and rose unsteadily to her knees. She was weak and disoriented. Her pussy ached with that oh so familiar feeling. Her hand trailed down and touched her clit. An electric shock went through her. Her clit was too sensitive to touch. Using John's hand as a crutch, she rose to first one leg then the other. John caught her as she weaved. What just happened, she thought. A man I never saw fucked me while my husband watched. I'm covered in jizz and

stink of sex. Yet John is smiling lovingly at me. She let him guide her to her lawn chair. Gingerly she sat down.

John helped his wife sit in her chair to recover. He could see her face was covered in sperm. As he looked down, he could see the pine straw clinging to her sweat covered body. And below that, he saw the frothy wetness of her cunt. It leaked copious amounts of the combined juices of her and her erstwhile lover. She seemed to glow. Impulsively, he knelt between her legs and kissed her on the lips. Jaime returned his kiss, sharing the saltiness of his come with him.

John moved down kissing her chin, then the sweatiness of her upper chest. He lightly brushed the pine straw from her breasts, noting her still hard nipples. He heard her groan and place one hand on his head.

"Oh John, I am so tired! I could just sit here and sleep."

John kissed his wife between her large breasts. "Just relax baby, I'll take care of you!" John slid down and kissed Jaimie's sweaty belly.

"Oh John, that feels so good and I'm so tired!" Jamie felt John slide down between her legs. "Oh no, John, don't kiss me there, not now! I'm full of that man's sperm!" Jaime made a weak attempt to push John's head away. However, he licked her thighs hungrily, lapping up the juices running freely down her thighs.

John smiled as his tongue licked lightly at Jaimie's swollen red clit. It pulsed with excitement. He pushed Jaimie's weakly resisting hands away and French kissed her leaking pussy. The taste was incredible! He placed his open mouth over her red labia and sucked. The gooey slime of his wife's and Aaron's come invaded his mouth. With one hand, he reached down and began to stroke his hardening tool.

Jamie was moving from semi consciousness to another arousal. She realized that John was licking and sucking the

come from her pussy. In all of her 50 years, she had never experienced this time of intimacy. With one hand she languidly stroked her husband's sweating head. "That's right, baby, lick mama clean! Does mama's baby like the taste of mama's come filled pussy?"

John leaned back. "I...I...don't understand it! I can't get enough of how you taste! It's like a drug. The more I lick his cum from you the more I want!"

Jaimie reached over, grabbed john behind his neck, and pulled him back between her thighs. She slapped him sharply on the back of the head. "Stop talking, you cuck, and lick my pussy clean!"

The slurping sound of john rooting in her pussy for every drop of come filled the air.

\* \* \*

Jaime lay back. Their marriage was saved. It took a new and unexpected turn. Her skin felt like it was on fire. She knew there would be other loads of goo in her cunt in the days and weeks to come. Moreover, she knew her loving husband would be there. He would watch her fuck and lick her clean. Then, come November when Sam was home for Thanksgiving, She would make John watch his son fuck his wife. Then he would clean her as he was doing now. In six months, Jaime's life had taken a new turn. She rubbed her husband's head "Lick mama clean! She has big plans for you!"

**THE END**